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## "INCUMBRANCES."

BY LOUISE S. UPHAM.

I.

The first of May is soon coming again;
A few swiftly vanishing days,
And the roof that has sheltered us here so long
No more will be ours! O the devious ways
Of this bustling city of ours!
Of this changeful city of ours!
For every May so many must move!
It is more room or less—high up or low down—
The modern improvements for shoddy and wealth,
The humbler, for those with more shillings than crowns:
Would you like to know
Where all of them go?
Why A goes to B's,
And B goes to C's,
And so on to the end
Of the letters; and then
Right back to the A's,
Pop the last of the Z's!
But what shall *I* do? And where shall *I* go?
I've searched the whole town 'till my brain is awhirl;
There are plenty of places, but no room for me,
With two rollicking boys and one girl.

II.

If the frolic of children, their laughter and fun,
Their lithe, agile bodies and pattering feet,
Their busy brains nerving their chattering tongues,
But annoy and disturb every person they meet,
Of what *good* are these children of ours—
These mirth-loving children of ours?
Will some one who has found the "philosopher's stone,"
Or attained to the wisdom of threescore and ten,
Tell a nervous and anxious house-seeker soon,
Why children are not born women and men?
I am troubled and vexed,
Disturbed and perplexed:
I want my two boys,
My dear household joys;
My girl I can't spare,
Her love I must share:
WANTED—A HOUSE,
For one girl and two boys!
Oh! what shall I do? And where shall I go?
I have searched the whole town till my brain is awhirl.
There are plenty of houses, but no one wants me,
With two rollicking boys and one girl.

# THE GRANADAN DUEL;

OR, THE

# Castilian and the Moor.

### A ROMANCE OF THE COURT OF THE ALHAMBRA.

By SYLVANUS COBB, Jr.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### IN DURANCE!

Manfred's first impulse, upon beholding the dark faces behind him, was to start to his feet and leap to the front entrance of the arbor, and his next, to draw his sword. The first he accomplished; but the second was a failure. His hand was upon the hilt of his weapon, but ere the blade had been half unsheathed he was seized from behind, and borne back upon the seat from which he had arisen. He struggled hard, but at a great disadvantage, and very soon found that further struggling would avail him not, as at least four strong men were engaged in holding him.

"Hold, Sir Knight!" said one of the ruffians, after they had thrown a muffler over his mouth, and drawn his hands behind him. "We mean you no personal harm. Resistance will only add to your discomfort. If you are wise you will submit. We will bear you hence as tenderly as possible."

Manfred tried to speak, but the gag upon his mouth would not let him. He could only grind his teeth in impotent wrath as his captors lifted him in their arms and bore him out from the arbor. Their way was by a narrow path against the wall to a point where a ladder had been set up. Here the bonds upon the captive's wrists and ankles were tightened, and then two men carried him up by the ladder, and lowered him upon the opposite side. At a short distance was an out-building, in which they tarried until the shades of night had fallen, after which a canopied chair was brought, and the prisoner placed therein.

Several times, as he was being borne along through the dark and narrow streets, did Manfred try to loosen his bonds, but without avail. Those who had placed the thongs upon him were evidently adepts in such matters—masters of the art of kidnapping and assassination.

It was a long, long distance, but it was accomplished at length, and Manfred was glad when the chair was finally set down, and himself lifted out; for the leathern thongs were eating painfully into his flesh, and he had hopes that they would be soon removed. Nor was he disappointed. From the chair he was borne into a house, the character of which, in the darkness, he could not discover. He was carried through a low arched passage—thence across an open court—thence through another passage—then up a winding flight of steps, until at length he was landed in a chamber, where he was placed upon a seat, and the gag removed from his mouth, and the bonds from his limbs. His sword had been taken from him, and as four stout men stood over him, he had no thought of belligerent demonstration. One of the men had brought in a lantern, and by its sickly light the Christian knight gained a view of his captors. They were Moors, of the military class, and in one of them Manfred was sure he recognized one of the gang from whose hands the Princess Miriam had been rescued, and who had escaped in the boat. He bore a fresh scar upon his cheek, and his aspect was sinister in the extreme.

"How is this?" demanded the knight, as the ruffians stood regarding him in silence. "Why have I been brought hither?"

"It was a whim of ours," answered the man with the scar upon his cheek.

"A whim?" repeated Manfred. "Had you no meaning beyond that?"

"Aye,—meaning enough beyond; but the meaning beyond is not for us. We deem all fish that come to our net as worth capturing. I may confess to you that we did not set forth with the intent to bring you back with us. Our net was spread for other game."

"You sought Guy of St. Mark?" suggested the prisoner.

"I think he is so called.—Yes, we sought him; but he slipped away before we could put our hands upon him, and you came in his place; so we took you rather than return empty-handed."

"And in whose power am I? At whose instance has this outrage been perpetrated?"

The Moor shook his head, and smiled a wicked smile.

"You may know that anon," he said; "but it is not for us to tell it. Our mission, for the present, is accomplished. Rest you here easily until those come who can tell you more."

Manfred saw that the men were not inclined to be communicative, and caring not to excite insolence which he could not chastise, he suffered them to depart without further questioning. They went away leaving him in darkness; but by and by two of them returned bringing a lighted lamp, and a salver upon which were a flagon of light wine and a loaf of barley bread. These they set upon a small table, and departed without speaking; and when they had closed the door, they bolted it upon the outside.

The captive's first movement upon being left alone, was to examine the quarters thus forcibly bestowed upon him. The apartment was of medium size, and very nearly square; the walls of hewn stone, and the ceiling vaulted. The windows, two in number, were simple loop-holes, not more than four inches wide by ten or twelve inches in length. No need of iron bars to guard such apertures. The place was no common prison, though it answered well all the purposes. It had the appearance, rather, of being an outlook of some castellated structure; and the present occupant was inclined to the opinion that it might be a guard chamber attached to the dwelling of a military chieftain. It was natural that he should think of Prince Haroun; and it required no very great stretch of faith to believe that to the Prince was he indebted for these present accommodations. Of furniture there was sufficient for common comfort. There were two wooden stools, two hassocks, a table, and a low couch with a blanket and coverlet rolled up at its foot.

Having finished his observation Manfred betook him to the meal which had been provided. Despite the unpleasantness of his situation his appetite was good; and as the bread proved to be of an excellent quality he ate heartily. He had eaten, and was pacing up and down the chamber, when his door was opened, and a man entered. At the first sound of the gliding bolts he had turned, and as the door was opened he caught sight of armed men in the passage beyond, but only one came in. He entered, and closed the door behind him.

The face and the form of the new-comer were plainly revealed in the light of the lamp, and Manfred knew that Prince Haroun stood before him. It was the same man whom he and Michael had seen come out from the court of the Alhambra, and he bore out the description which had since been received. As the man threw back the short cloak, or mantle, from his breast he revealed a garb richly ornamented, and the fabric of the finest quality.

"You come well attended, my lord," said Manfred, with a touch of sarcasm in his tones.

"How mean you?" asked the visitor, not catching the drift, perhaps, of the prisoner's allusion.

"I saw your well-armed attendants in the passage. Did you deem them necessary to your safety against a man who has no sword?"

The Moor bit his lip; but presently his brow cleared, and a smile curled about his mouth, as he replied,—

"I have never found a reserve force to be out of place, if it can be kept to the rear, and yet near enough for use in case of need. We have had a taste of your quality, Sir Knight; and as I am not in the mood for physical effort, I did not propose to offer you an opportunity of testing my strength of limb. I came for a different purpose. Will you talk rationally?"

"I will try, my lord."

"Why do you call me 'My lord?'"

"Because I know you to be the Prince Haroun."

"Ah,—you have seen me before?"

"Yes,—I have seen you before."

The Moor bit his lips again, and a question seemed framed for utterance which he did not speak.

"Never mind," he at length said, assuming a dignity which he had not before worn, "I am Prince Haroun. And thou art called Manfred del Alcala?"

"I am."

The Prince seated himself upon one of the stools, and Manfred took the other.

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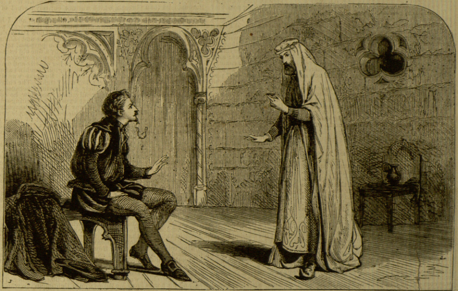

PRINCE HAROUN VISITS MANFRED DEL ALCALA IN HIS PRISON.

"I will confess to you," said Haroun, "that I had given no orders for your arrest. I will further confess that I was in the garden when you were seized. I had gone thither for another purpose."

"For Sir Guy of St. Mark?" suggested Manfred.

"It may be so," returned Haroun, with a nod.

"Or," ventured the knight, "for the fair daughter of the alcaide?"

"Hush!" commanded the Prince, with a flash of passion which was quickly subdued. "Know that the Princess Miriam is mine when I choose to take her. Your friend is venturing upon dangerous ground when he thinks to step between me and the Princess. But he will not trouble me. He dreams not how easily I can brush him away. But enough of this. My business at this time is connected with yourself. I stood behind you in the arbor of Ben Ahmed's garden, and I saw a jewelled star in your hand. Will you let me examine the bauble more closely?"

Manfred was startled and alarmed. The simple demand brought a host of vague fears to his mind. He remembered how his mother had cautioned him against exposing the precious talisman; and how Michael had repeated the caution; and, further, how old Hafed had imagined an evil which he would not speak. What was he to do? A refusal could not avail him. One course alone was open to him.

"My lord," he said, with earnest entreaty, "the jewel of which you speak was a gift to me from one whom I love and revere. I hold it as a sacred treasure."

"Fear not, Sir Manfred," returned Haroun, with look and tone of honest assurance. "I simply wish to examine the bauble. I have no desire to keep it."

Still the knight hesitated, and his hand trembled as he carried it to his bosom.

"I swear to you, by Allah," said the Prince, "that I will not harm the jewel, and that I will return it immediately."

He put forth his hand eagerly as he spoke, and the light of a great desire gleamed in his dark eyes.

Manfred lifted the golden chain from his neck, and having held the talisman a moment in his grasp, as though fearful that danger attended its surrender, he passed it to the outstretched hand of the Prince.

Haroun took the jewel, and turned it to the light; and as he half closed his eyes to shield them from the dazzling brilliancy of the surpassing gems he muttered words to himself which Manfred could not understand. He viewed the ruby in different lights; he counted the diamonds; and he examined the setting of crusted gold. There was an eagerness in his manner, manifest in the clutching of his fingers and in the tight compression of his lips, which could have come of no mere curiosity. His hands trembled in spite of his efforts to hold them steady, and his brow was contracted until the whole surface became corrugated. Finally he returned the amulet to its owner, who restored it to its former rest in his bosom.

"Sir Knight," said Haroun, "where did you get that jewel?"

Manfred had anticipated the question, and he had resolved that he would answer according to the faith in which he had been reared, and not by the light of events which had lately transpired. He would answer as he might honestly have answered one year before, when he had believed that he was of pure Castilian blood, and that Gomez del Alcala had been truly his father.

"I received it from the hands of my mother," he answered.

"And she,—how came she by it?"

"I think it was my father's."

"Why think ye so?"

"My mother hath so informed me."

"Who was your father?"

"A Castilian knight and count, Gomez del Alcala."

"Is he living?"

"No,—he has been dead these several years."

"And your mother?"

"She lives."

"Where is she at the present time?"

Manfred did not like this. There might be danger to his mother as well as to himself, and in that direction he would not venture upon prevarication.

"My lord," he said, after a moment's pause, "I know not the drift of your questioning, nor do I fear the result; but I do not choose to have the private affairs of my house sifted from me for the gratification of your whim. I have answered enough. At all events, when you bring my mother's name into the discussion you trench upon the things which I hold sacred and inviolate."

There was no harsh response upon Haroun's lips—no look of disappointment manifest. He gazed long and searchingly into the young man's face, and then, with a nod, he arose from his seat.

"I will question you no more," he said.

"Hold!" cried Manfred, as the Moor turned to depart. "Will you allow me to ask a few questions in turn?"

The Prince stopped and turned.

"Will you inform me why you caused me to be brought hither?"

"For two reasons," answered Haroun, after a pause. "First: you were in the place of the man whom I particularly sought, and were his friend. Second: I wished a nearer view of the talisman you exposed to my glance."

"And having gained that view, what is now your intent?"

"I have not yet decided. As soon as I do I well let you know."

"I am your prisoner, then?"

"As you please."

"In a word,—Am I to be held for any length of time?"

"Truly, Sir Knight, I cannot answer that question. I do not yet know my own mind in the matter. I can only assure you that while you are forced to remain here you shall be made as comfortable as possible."

"But—"

"No more. I have not time to answer."

And thus speaking the Prince left the apartment. Manfred caught a second glimpse of the armed men beyond as the door was opened, and he heard the gliding of the heavy bolts after it had been closed; and when the footsteps of the departing host had died away in the distance he bent his head in thought.

And his thoughts were not of the pleasantest kind. His perceptions were naturally quick and keen, and the giving to Haroun a moderate share of shrewdness left him in a position to strongly suspect impending evil greater than had yet befallen him.

"Surely," he soliloquized, "if Haroun had anticipated my early return to my friends he would not have been so free in communicating to me his plans concerning the Princess; nor would he have spoken so unreservedly of Guy. He must have regarded me as one who was not likely soon to be able to expose him. Perhaps—"

The thought that followed Manfred tried not to entertain. He threw himself upon the low couch and courted other fancies. And yet, in spite of every effort to the contrary, the grim spectre would haunt him. The plotting Prince had found something more than a mere bauble in the talisman. Something he had found which had moved him deeply.

What was it? What was the mystery?

"O! if I could but see with Hafed's eyes, and look with Hafed's understanding! Verily, Hafed hath the key!"

## CHAPTER XIV.

### HAFED'S METAMORPHOSIS.

When Guy came in from the garden he went to Manfred's chamber, intending to consult him upon the subject of the alarm which had driven him from the arbor; but not finding him there he sought Michael.

"Sir Manfred is in the garden," said the esquire.

"No," asserted Sir Guy. "I have just come from there."

"Then you must have missed him," persisted Michael; "for I saw him go out only a very few minutes before you came in."

"Let us go and look for him, Michael."

There was a sudden uneasiness in the knight's manner which did not escape the esquire's notice, and he asked if there was apprehended danger.

"I do not know," said Guy. "We will go and look."

They went out into the garden, and searched up and down, and called Manfred's name, but without avail. The gloom of evening had settled so darkly over the place that a closer inspection was impossible without a light, and Michael was dispatched for a lantern, and when he returned he was accompanied by Pedro.

With the lantern Guy led the way to arbor, where they found a bench overtur and where were heavy footprints rece ground into the sod. Something upon sward attracted Michael's attention, and u picking it up he found it to be a gold buckle, which he at once recognized as havi belonged to his master's sword-belt.

The words spoken were few and to t point. The fate of Manfred was appare and that the tools of Prince Haroun had the deed admitted of no doubt. The tr of feet were traced along the narrow by the wall to where marks of exit by der were visible. And here they h Where next to search was not so clear. yond the wall was an open street, the ment of which could afford no footprints

"Why should they have taken him th queried Michael, mournfully.

"I doubt," said Guy, "if they knew w they were taking. Most likely it was they sought, and they may have fancie was me they carried away. But we must stand here. We must confer with the caide. If it be, as we suspect, the wor the Prince, he alone can help us. We m appeal to the King."

Accordingly the trio returned to the ho and in the inner court they met Hafed, had been seeking for his young master. old man heard their story, and under its fects he reeled against the wall like a drun en man.

"Be comforted, good Hafed," said Guy. "We will seek the Alcaide, and demand his assistance."

"No, no," cried the old man, with fierce energy. "That must not be!—Let me think."

With a mighty effort he controlled himself, and after a time he asked,—

"Are you sure Prince Haroun is the instigator of this?"

"As sure as we can be of that which we have not seen," replied Guy.

"And do you think he acts for the King?"

"For the King?" repeated Guy, in surprise. "It cannot be. He is an enemy of the King."

"And yet," pursued Hafed, "they may have some dislikes and fears in common. Do not go to the Alcaide at present. Let me search."

"But," urged Guy, "the matter is urgent. Who is better able to cope with the Prince than the King?—and who is more likely to influence the King in our behalf than the Alcaide?"

"Sir Guy, you know not of what you speak," pronounced the old man, solemnly. "Had it been yourself in the clutches of the Prince, the case would be different."

"How different?" demanded the knight.

Hafed was for a moment silent. Then he looked from one to the other of his companions, and finally said,—

"I can trust you. You will be faithful to Manfred, and faithful to Morgiana."

"Faithful unto death!" responded Guy. "I can speak for myself and for Pedro."

"And I can swear to it!" added Pedro.

"You need no profession from me," said Michael.

"I needed none from any of you," returned Hafed.

"And now," urged Guy, impatiently, "what is this mystery? How differently is Manfred situated in Haroun's power from the situation that might have been mine?"

"Let me explain as best I can," answered Hafed, "and there will be mystery still—a mystery which even I am not able to fathom. But it is known to you that Manfred is of Moorish birth. You have known this, Sir Guy?"

"Yes,—I have known it."

"And I may further tell you that he was born here in Granada. And I may also tell you that had his mother listened to me she would not have ventured hither. There is danger to both mother and son in the land of the Moors."

"Do you know the nature of this danger?" asked Guy.

"Its nature may be seen in the calamity which we now deplore. I can tell you no more."

"But may we not appeal to the King?"

Hafed started, and gazed upon his questioner with a frightened look.

"In the name of Heaven," he exclaimed, "let not the King's knowledge encompass them! Hush!—Ask me no more. Let the matter rest in my hands until to-morrow,—aye, until I fail in my endeavors. Once I was well acquainted in Granada, and I do not think I have forgotten the knowledge of the past. I have not, as you well know, ventured forth into the streets since my arrival. I will venture now, however; and my anticipations are greatly at fault if I do not discover what has become of Sir Manfred. I will report to you on the morrow."

Sir Guy was content to let the old man have his way, and was also content to ask no more questions, though his mind was greatly exercised in view of the mystery which enveloped the Knight of Alcala.

Michael was anxious to be permitted to join Hafed in his search, but the latter did not so wish it. He said he could do better alone.

"My present object," he said, "is to discover our master's fate. Beyond that we will do what we can."

Hafed had left Castile prepared for emergencies. Having gained his own apartment he darkened his beard with black pomade, and assumed the garb of a merchant of Bagdad; and when fully assured that his disguise was complete he sallied forth. He kept in the deeper shadows until he had reached the river, and thence he took a direct course for the dwelling of Prince Haroun. Having reached the residence he made a demand at the door of the vestibule, and upon the appearance of the porter he requested to see the Prince. The servant, beholding a merchant of respectable appearance, admitted him to an inner apartment, and bade him wait until the pleasure of the master could be ascertained.

Hafed waited patiently, and at length Haroun came. The old man arose and made a low bow, and then announced himself as Husam Ben Ophed, a merchant of Bagdad, lately landed at Almeria, and just arrived in Granada.

"I was informed," he said, "that your Highness was an admirer and a judge of rare goods, and I thought to bespeak your favorable consideration. I have silks, and other choice fabrics, from the most cunning looms of the East; I have ornaments of gold from the richest mines of Ophir, and the rarest gems of Ind and Mandshuria. Spices have I from the sunny climes of Arabia and Ceylon; and of the handiwork of the artisans of Damascus I have the most remarkable specimens. For your august patronage, O. Prince, I would have you select from my store that which pleases you, and take it as a free gift. Thy good word spoken in my behalf would be a sufficient recompense."

The visitor had not mistaken his man. The Prince's eyes sparkled, and his fingers were clutched in his eagerness of cupidity.

"Where are thy goods?" he asked.

The pretended merchant explained that his ship was now due at Almeria, and he was hourly expecting news of her arrival. He had come on in advance to prepare a market.

Haroun was anxious to behold the rich goods, and eager to grasp what he could; and, taking the merchant at his word, he was ready to confiscate a goodly share to himself, and give his personal recommendation toward the sale of the remainder. In his heart he deemed the man of Bagdad a fool, but he was willing to humor him.

After this Hafed went on to give a more particular description of his goods, and as Haroun listened to the glowing account his eagerness manifested itself in a variety of ways.

In the end the merchant spoke of fatigue, and of his strangership in the city; and Haroun bade him welcome to his own hospitality. Hafed approached this ground with exceeding care and skill, so that the offer of the Prince followed almost as a matter of course.

Refreshments were ordered, and when the uest had partaken he was conducted to the hamber which had been set apart for his use.

"You will remain with me until your goods rrive," said Haroun, as he was about to bid he merchant good-night.

"Unless I find it necessary to attend to their anding at Almeria, my lord."

"In which case I will send servants to assist you."

"I may need it, my lord, and shall certainly be grateful."

At length Hafed was left alone in his chamber, but he did not seek the soft couch which ad been prepared for him. He darkened his mp, and sat down to meditate. He was not tranger in Granada; nor was he a stranger that house. In other years he had been an icer of the prison, as his father had been fore him, and in the pursuance of his duties had become acquainted with secret passes own only to the department of justice, and w were the dwellings of the nobles to which had not enjoyed free access.

It was past midnight when Hafed arose om his seat and removed his shoes. He had solved that he would search the house. He new where the prison chambers were, and e meant to visit them if he could. He took p the lamp, and having fixed it so that he ould shade it in case of need, he opened his oor, and stepped forth into the passage beond. He moved on his way noiselessly, and ithout obstruction—moved on until he had eached the far wing of the palace, where he knew the strong chambers were. He had reached a long narrow passage, and entered it, when he was startled by the sound of footsteps behind him. He pushed on hurriedly, and at the end of the passage he came to a door which he opened. The light of his own lamp had prevented him from discovering that a lamp was burning dimly in the chamber he was about to enter. Retreat was now impossible without facing the person who was coming up from behind, and he kept on and entered the apartment before him. He found a lamp burning upon a small table, upon which were also bottles and wine cups, and bread and meat. In one corner stood several spears, and upon the wall hung javelins and bows and arrows. Hafed had seen this, and had also seen another door; and he had tried this door, and found it locked, when a man entered behind him, and demanded to know who he was, and what he wanted.

Hafed turned, and beheld a man past the middle-age, tall, stout, and wearing a sword at his side.

"I am a stranger in this house, good sir, and have lost my way amid the intricate passages."

"Ah,—you are the merchant of Bagdad?"

"I am."

"I heard of you." And the man-at-arms eyed the pretended merchant closely.

Hafed returned the gaze, and started with a new discovery.

"Art thou Ben Abbas?"

"Such is my name," replied the guardsman, in surprise.

"Son of Husam Ben Abbas?"

"Aye," responded the man, in greater surprise than before.

"Ben Abbas, sit thee down, and let us converse. Thou art in the employ of the Prince?"

"Yes."

"And thou wert once in the employ of Tarik when he was the King's jailer."

"How know ye that?"

"Easy, good friend. I have travelled much, and have observed many things. The Prince, no doubt, pays thee well for thy service?"

"None too well."

"Would'st better thy condition?"

"Aye,—with all my heart."

"And suppose I could give thee a safe and honorable employment?"

"Not of hard work?"

"Nay,—the easiest kind of work."

"Name it."

"First, I must know if thou art in a position to serve me. Is the Castilian knight, Manfred del Alcala, confined within this house?"

Ben Abbas started, and looked scared.

"How!" he cried. "Would'st have me betray my—"

Hafed stopped him by a touch upon the arm.

"I ask thee to betray no one."

Hafed knew his man, and he regarded it as a special providence that he had met him. He remembered him, in the other years, as a tool of the detective officers; and he knew that unless a miracle of spiritual metamorphosis had been wrought, the man could be only a mere soldier of fortune, ready and willing to serve the highest bidder who would trust him.

"If thou servest me, Ben Abbas, thou wilt save instead of betray. I ask thee again,—Is the Castilian knight in the Prince's keeping?"

"Look ye, sir," returned the guardsman, after a pause, "thou knowest my name, and my lineage, while of thee I know nothing."

"Know, then," replied Hafed, "that I am one who is interested in the welfare of this youthful knight. Beyond that I have not a care nor a thought in Granada. If thou wilt help me to set him free—"

"Stop!" interposed Ben Abbas. "Thou goest now a step beyond my power. I am willing to confess that Sir Manfred del Alcala is now beneath this roof, and that I am at this very moment engaged in guarding him; but I am not alone. Near to his chamber are men of the Prince's whom I would not dare to approach with any proposition of treachery to their master."

"Why did Haroun seize upon the youth?—Dost know?"

"Yes. I was in the arbor of Ben Ahmed's garden at the time. He had gone for the purpose of capturing the Knight of St. Mark; but this youth we found there instead; and we found him engaged in viewing a rare and wondrous jewel. Haroun's eye caught the magic lustre, and something connected therewith led him to order the work which followed."

Hafed struggled hard to keep to himself the new fears which this recital excited.

"Ben Abbas," he said, after a season of reflection, "dost know what are the Prince's intentions concerning Sir Manfred?"

"I do not."

"And you swear to me that release to-night is impossible?"

"I swear it."

"Ben Abbas, if I will give to thee ten pieces of gold wilt thou enter Sir Manfred's service, and be true to his every interest?"

"Aye!" cried the guardsman quickly. The sum named was more than the Prince paid him in a year.

"And thou wilt remain here, and seem to serve the Prince?"

"If I engage in Manfred's service, I will do that which may serve him best."

"Then mark me, Ben Abbas: I will pay to thee the ten pieces of gold on the spot; and I pledge my word that on the day when Manfred is set free I will give to thee ten pieces more."

"But what can I do?"

"Be watchful. Let not a movement escape thy notice; and when thou hast anything worth reporting, come to the dwelling of the Alcaide and ask for me,—ask for the Merchant of Bagdad. Wilt thou undertake the mission?"

"I will. Since it is a work of good-will and mercy, I shrink not from the hire; and as for proving traitor to the Prince, he would cut my throat to-morrow if I stood in the way of the least of one of his cherished plans."

Hafed took a heavy ring from his finger, and asked Ben Abbas to examine it.

"Thou would'st know this signet?"

"Yes,—at first sight."

"And thou wilt answer truthfully whoever may bear it to thee as a token from me?"

"I will."

A very brief questioning satisfied Hafed that Ben Abbas was right in his judgment that an immediate attempt at liberation would be dangerous. He also satisfied himself that no new step could be taken against the prisoner without the knowledge of his ally.

"As for violence," said Ben Abbas, "be sure the Prince will consult no one before me in such a matter."

"Then," returned Hafed, "we must leave the business where it is for the present. I have thy solemn pledge?"

"Yes."

"And thou wilt fly to the dwelling of Ben Ahmed upon the first sign of new danger?"

"I will."

The old man counted out the ten pieces of gold, and having given renewed promise of ten other pieces in the event of faithfulness and success, and having also recapitulated the duties which Ben Abbas was bound to perform under the contract, he left the guard-chamber and returned to his own apartment. On his way he heard the sound of voices below, and upon stopping to listen he discovered that the master of the house had just entered.

What could have kept the Prince out so late?

Hafed thought of it after he had pressed his pillow; but he did not remain in the morning to question his host upon the interesting topic. He arose before Haroun was astir; and as he passed out into the vestibule he left word with the porter that he was going down to the Bazaar to see if word had come of his ship.

## CHAPTER XV.

### PLOTTING.

Jusef III., King of Granada, sat in one of the private chambers of the magnificent palace of the Alhambra. He was a man of middle-age, tall and well formed, and possessing a face of more than ordinary beauty. His features were well marked, and though of the Moorish type, yet their contour was refined, and in profile they presented an outline that might have satisfied an Athenian sculptor. He did not seem a happy man. His life thus far had not been a pleasant one. Imprisoned during his youthful prime by a usurping brother, and beset by artful plotters since he had ascended the throne which was rightfully his, he had suffered much; and continued perplexity and unrest had drawn traces of care upon his brow, and left their impress upon his heart. And yet he had manifested the inborn nobleness of his nature in that he had not sought revenge upon those who had thus troubled him. But the time was coming, he felt, when he could be lenient no longer.

The King sat in an expectant mood, and presently an arras at the lower end of the room was lifted aside, and Tarik, the grand chamberlain, entered.

Tarik was an old man—threescore and more,—and for years he had been Jusef's most trusted friend and counsellor. In the other years Tarik had been the King's jailer; and he it was who had charge of the prison during Jusef's durance; and to his kindness the imprisoned Prince owed his life and his throne.

"Ah, good Tarik, I have been expecting thee. Hast thou brought the youth?"

"No, sire. He is not at the inn where I expected to find him."

"I told thee," said the King, "that thou would'st find him at the Alcaide's. Did'st go there?"

"No,—not with my officers. I was to have made a show of arresting him, which I could not well do beneath the roof of Ben Ahmed. But, sire, I will bring him to thee soon. And, meantime, methinks thou should'st turn thine attention to the youth's companion—the Knight of St. Mark. Thou knowest that thine enemies, from whose hands these knights rescued thee, are engaged in persecuting them. Dost thou not owe it to thy deliverers to stand by them in their need? Particularly, I am informed, is the vengeful shaft aimed against Sir Guy."

"Out with it! Tarik," cried Jusef, impatiently. "Thou meanest that I should curtail the career of Prince Haroun?"

"Yes, sire," replied the chamberlain, with a low bow.

"Thou art not alone in thy desire. Ben Ahmed urges the same thing upon me. But no more of this at present. I will think of it. And meantime, good Tarik, I would have this young Manfred brought to the palace. Wilt thou look to it?"

Tarik promised, and withdrew, and in one of the halls he met a messenger who informed him that Prince Haroun was awaiting his coming in the vestibule of the smaller audience chamber.

Tarik found the Prince, and asked his business.

"I would speak with thee alone," said Haroun.

The chamberlain dismissed his attendant, and the door of the closet was closed upon the two.

At the end of half an hour Tarik and the Prince came forth together, and separated in an adjoining hall.

Haroun, as soon as he was left alone, gave way to emotions which had thus far been kept in control, and for a time they shook him fearfully. His hands were clutched with nervous desperation; his teeth were convulsively set; and his whole frame quivered. After a time he so far recovered himself that he was outwardly calm, and grinding his heel upon the pavement he muttered,—

"I will beard the lion in his den. I will load Jusef's ear until he shall order the departure of these Christian dogs from his capital, and then my way will be clear. Thank Heaven this man is in my power! Be my imagining true or false, he shall not live to haunt me!"

It was a late hour on which to seek the King, but Haroun made the venture. It was the same night on which Manfred had been seized—the same on which Hafed had gained admittance to the Prince's dwelling. Haroun had seen the supposed merchant of Bagdad hospitably provided for, and had then sought the royal palace, and obtained an interview with Tarik, as we have seen.

Though it was near midnight the King had not retired, and when informed that Haroun desired private audience, he directed that he should be admitted.

Let it not be supposed that Jusef thus admitted dangerous men to his presence without sufficient guard over his own person. In attendance upon him were two deaf mutes, well armed, and entirely devoted to him. They held place close by his side, and the approach of danger to their royal master would have touched their quick, keen sense as by intuition.

"How now, Prince?" demanded the King, as Haroun advanced and bent before him. "To what am I indebted for this untimely visit?"

"If I mistake not, sire," returned Haroun, lifting his head, "thou wilt find it by no means untimely. But the hour is late, and I will be brief. First, allow me to touch upon a matter which interests me more than it does thee. Events have recently transpired which would seem to implicate me in an attempt upon thy life; but at the proper time I can prove my entire innocence. Will it please thee to let that pass for the present?"

"Let it pass," said the King. His face was cold and stern, and gave no token of thoughts within.

"Then," pursued the Prince, "I come at once to the business of vital interest. And here, sire, thy interest is greater than mine. As I said before, I will speak plainly, and to the point, that I may be brief. It is known to thee that I have loved the fair daughter of Ben Ahmed—the Princess Miriam.—Frown not.—Hear me to the end.—Were I to tell thee that I can willingly relinquish her hand, I should tell thee a lie; but I can truthfully declare that my King's demand hath lawful precedence. However, we are both, it seems, to be set aside for a Christian interloper."

"How?" cried Jusef, with a sudden start.

"I have been watchful of the maiden's movements, your Majesty, and do know of what I speak. Thou hast doubtless heard from Ben Ahmed that I have sought to kidnap the Christian knight, Guy of St. Mark?"

"I have been so informed."

"And thou wert given to understand that it was done in revenge for his having interposed his sword in thy behalf?"

The King nodded.

"Know then," continued Haroun, "that my movement against the Knight of Castile had a deeper significance. Not only is he in love with the Princess, but she returns his affection; and if a powerful hand be not interposed she will flee with him."

"Haroun!"

"I speak that which I do know."

"Is this thing possible? Haroun, hast thou seen this?"

"With mine own eyes, sire.—And for this thing alone would I have arrested the knight. No matter what may be the condition of my love for thee,—I will not at this time make empty boasts in that direction,—but believe me when I declare that the honor of our royal house is dear to me; and, whether the hand of the Princess is to come to thee or to me, I will not see her stolen away by a Christian dog."

"It shall not be!" pronounced Jusef, with solemn emphasis. Haroun had evidently looked to see him fly into a passion, but there was no such result. The monarch gave token of pain rather than of anger.

"It would not be well," said the Prince, "in view of the high standing of the Knight of St. Mark in Castile, to offer violence to his person; but I would suggest that the order be instantly issued for the departure of both the knights from our realm."

"I must think of this."

"Delay not long, sire. Remember that Sir Guy is sheltered at the house of the Alcaide, and that he possesseth in a most remarkable degree those outward graces of person which attract inexperienced women. Have a care."

"I will have a care," said Jusef, starting to his feet. "I will sleep upon this to-night, and act on the morrow."

"Let not the mischief increase in volume, sire."

"Fear not on that score, Haroun. My only thought is of the way. The work shall be accomplished if I live."

The Prince had no more to offer, and hopeful that his mission had not been in vain, he took his leave.

When Haroun was gone the King retired to his bed-chamber, where he dismissed his attendants, and gave himself up to serious meditation. That his mind was greatly exercised might be judged from the fact that he spent a full hour in pacing slowly up and down his chamber, with his head bowed, and his hands clasped behind him. When he finally stopped, his foot was planted upon the carpet as though a great inward resolve had sought expression in the movement.

"It shall be done!" he said to himself. "I will delay no longer."

Meantime Prince Haroun was on his way homeward, and when he had reached his own private chamber his first movement was to send for Ben Abbas, the officer whom he had left in charge of the guard.

Ben Abbas responded quickly to the call, and a close observer, who had been looking for such a token, might have detected a show of uneasiness in his face; but he was very soon relieved.

"Thou art watchful, Ben Abbas."

"I am ever watchful, my lord, when on duty for my master."

"It is well. How fares it with the prisoner?"

"As when you left, my lord."

"Hast seen him?"

"No; but I am in constant communication with those who are near him."

"Now mark me, Ben Abbas: Thou wilt hold that man as though thine own life depended upon his keeping! Dost understand me?"

"I understand, my lord."

"Then back to thy post of duty, and sleep not. Thy watch shall not be a long one."

Ben Abbas departed, and walked slowly back to his post. One short hour before he would have gone quickly, and would have joined in holding his prisoner for any fate which the Prince might elect. But within the hour he had changed masters; and he deemed himself not a traitor. In the affairs of the Prince he had no earthly interest save the coming to hand of his pay; and the Prince had been niggardly in that respect. He had secured better service; and, moreover, he flattered himself that he was acting the nobler part in accepting that service which enlisted him on the side of right and humanity against wrong and oppression.

"Something is in the wind," he said to himself, when he had gained the guard-room. "The Prince hath work on hand, and it must be of a mighty character if he will not trust it to me. Be sure I will not sleep!"

When Ben Abbas had left him Haroun next summoned Al Modi, his chief counsellor and henchman. The man had been sleeping, but he was not long in making his appearance.

Al Modi was not a burly villain. He was small of frame and lithe of limb, and his movements were graceful and feline; and he was one whom Haroun could trust. The two had been partners in many crimes, and upon the protection of the Prince the man depended for his life.

"Al Modi, thou canst serve me without asking questions?"

"Try me, my lord," was the satellite's expressive answer.

"Thou knowest where the Castilian knight is confined?"

"Yes."

"And thou canst in the morning prepare and send to him his breakfast?"

"Yes."

"Thou rememberest the meal which we gave to Alhakem?"

"I remember."

"Wilt give the same to this Christian on the morrow?"

"I will."

"Let there be no failure, Al Modi. That man must be removed surely and quickly; and I would have it done without the chance of disturbance."

"It shall be done, my lord. I will prepare the potion before I sleep; and be sure it shall so season his meal that he will require no more food in this poor life."

"It is well. Let there be no failure."

Al Modi bowed and withdrew, and the Prince betook himself to his bed-chamber, muttering, as he went, of the startling information which he had drawn from the grand chamberlain, and invoking the assistance of Heaven toward the removal of an unexpected obstruction in the way of his ambition.

* * * * * * *

The morning dawned, and the servant who bore the broad tray containing the prisoner's breakfast was accompanied by Al Modi. It was a savory mess, and had been prepared with skill. The guardsmen tired with the night's watching, snuffed the tempting fragrance enviously; and Manfred, when the meal had been set before him, nodded his thanks for the kind attention to his appetite.

In a lower hall, on his way back, Al Modi was met by the Prince.

"The thing is accomplished, my lord," was the response to Haroun's eager questioning. "Let him eat or drink, and the result is sure. No human sense can detect the presence of the deadly agent until the mortal pang is felt. Rest easy. In an hour from this he will be ready for his winding-sheet!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## THE BACHELOR PARTY.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

"You'll be *sure* and write every day, dear?"

"To be sure I will, Rolf. And you must take care of that cold, and not forget to have Laura fix the vinegar and molasses every night the last thing before you go to bed."

"All right," said Mr. Millington, nodding his head. "I shall miss you dreadfully, Jenny, I know; but then—"

The bright drops sparkled in Mrs. Millington's blue eyes.

"Rolf, I've a great mind to give up my journey even now, and stay with you. If you are going to be so lonesome—"

"Fiddlestick, my dear!" said Mr. Millington somewhat hurriedly. "Your aunt will be expecting you, and I wouldn't for the world have her disappointed through my own selfishness."

"Oh, but Rolf—"

The whistle sounded, the engine gave one or two portentous shrieks, and all that Mr. Millington saw of his wife, as the train slowly glided out of the station, was the flutter of a white pocket handkerchief, and a little kidded hand stretched out of the car window.

And then Rolf Millington drew a long breath, which was not entirely devoid of relief in its tone.

"She's off at last," he said, "and I hope she'll have a nice time with that deaf, near-sighted Aunt Jerusha! And now I'll go down town and order the champagne and salads."

For Mr. Rolf Millington purposed to celebrate his wife's absence by a fine old bachelor party, with all the modern improvements. Jenny had gone off in her old silk and mangy furs, because Mr. Millington "couldn't afford" anything more stylish. Business was dull; the money market was "tight." The children were with their grandmother, because Mr. Millington "really didn't see how he could send them to that expensive boarding-school any longer." Jenny was her own seamstress, because Rolf considered it "a simple act of extravagance to be eaten out of house and home by a tribe of servants. Other ladies contrived to get along with only one; why couldn't she?"

But in spite of all these pressing reasons for the strictest economy, Mr. Millington had decided to have a party. Joe Cibberley was in town; Burke Dashford had come from Georgia that week; and he had had an unusually good stroke of business. He was the best judge of his own affairs, and he didn't see any occasion for mentioning the matter to Jenny. Joe Cibberley's pretty sister was coming—really that Diana Cibberley was the handsomest girl, for a brunette, he had seen in a long time—and she had asked permission to bring her friend Mrs. Archfield, from Madison Avenue. That altered the whole complexion of affairs. He must have music now, and flowers, and all that sort of thing, which would come rather more expensive than he had originally intended. However, it couldn't be helped; so he might as well invite Mr. and Mrs. Bates Jefferson. Mrs. Jefferson was a lively little thing, although Jenny never could be got to see her fascinations. And Antonia Smyth would come, if George Cliffs asked her. Three or four ladies would lighten up the whole affair. And Jenny never would know; and if she did, Jenny couldn't possibly object. Why should she? Yes, *why?*

So Mr. Millington went to the restoranteur's, and afterward to a band station, and afterward to the wine merchant's, and next to the florist's. There was so much to be seen to, and so little time to do it in!

Meanwhile Mrs. Millington sat quite quietly in her place until the train stopped at the first station north of Harlem bridge, and then she stepped composedly out on the platform.

"When does the next train stop here, on its way to New York?" she asked.

The station-master consulted his watch.

"In twenty minutes, ma'am," he answered.

"Very well."

Jenny drew her boa close round her throat, and interlocked her hands in the mangy muff, to wait. And when the next way train thundered southward over the bridge, Mrs. Rolf Millington was one of the passengers.

How had she found it out? How do such things always break out, especially when they are under the supervision of a man? A note from the expert down town who was to supply the lobster salad, left by accident—the note, be it understood, not the salad—on the mantel, with the gas bill and the coal account; three lines from Cibberley, to say "he would be delighted to come, and bring Di.," thrust into the pocket of the vest which Mrs. Janet had been requested "just to take a stitch or two in," the evening before. Jenny had her own quota of brains. She could put two and two together as well as the next one, and she made up her mind that, with or without an invitation, she would attend her husband's party.

So she went to a friend's house and dressed herself splendidly in the friend's fine feathers. Poor Jenny had never had a ball dress of her own in all her unsophisticated life. But she looked exceedingly pretty in white silk, with a tulle overskirt, and pearls on her throat and wrists; while a white japonica was twined in her bright brown curls, and a glittering silver-fringed sash was knotted half-way down her skirt with a clasp of pearls.

"Will I do?" said Jenny, to the friend.

"My dear," said the friend, to Jenny, "you are charming!"

And away rode Mrs. Millington in the carriage lent by her friend, who was determined, to use her own words, that "Jenny should have fair play."

The music was softly sounding in the brilliantly lighted parlors; the hot-house flowers were exuding a delightful fragrance; and a black man in a white apron and gloves bowed her up into her own room, which was elegantly fitted up as a ladies' dressing-room. No one was there. Jenny was rather glad of that, for her heart was beating and her cheeks burning; but she saw in the glass, as she threw off her outer wrappings, that she was looking exceedingly pretty, and rejoiced thereat, as any true woman will.

"Walk down stairs, ma'am, if you please," said the sable attendant, as soon as she issued, like a fair white cloud, from the withdrawing room; and Jenny followed his directions.

The parlors were full. The guests had all arrived, and Rolf Millington, who had been just about to give orders that supper should be served immediately, when the last carriage rolled up, was marvelling who this extra guest could possibly be; when the door was thrown wide open, and in glided his own wife, radiant and smiling as the dawn.

"I hope I haven't kept you all waiting, dear," she said, and turned graciously to greet Miss Di. Cibberley, Mrs. Archfield, Antonia Smyth and Mrs. Bates Jefferson.

It was done so gracefully and prettily withal—so much as a matter of course—that no one supected it was anything but an agreeable surprise on the part of their host.

"Rolf, you rogue, you've played your part splendidly!" cried Cibberley, pulling his long mustache.

"Never dreamed of such a thing," said Mr. Bates Jefferson rapturously.

While the ladies, skillfully concealing their chagrin at being outshone by Jenny's fresh blonde beauty, joined in the general gratulations. And Rolf Millington literally hadn't a word to say for himself.

Nevertheless everything went off splendidly, and it was not until the last guest had departed that Janet turned slyly to her husband, and said:

"What a delightful evening we have had, Rolf. Poor old Aunt Jerusha! How she must be wondering what has become of me!"

And that was the last bachelor party that Rolf Millington ever gave.

## WIT AND HUMOR.

"I'LL go out in my stocking feet," said Julius to his Amanda, "so as not to wake up the old man. It's later than I thought." Pulling off his boots, and carrying them in his hand, he cautiously opened the front door and stole out, when a heavy hand was laid upon his shoulder, and the policeman said, "So, I've got you at last. You're the chap we've been looking for." Amanda screamed; the "old man" came rushing down stairs in night gear; and Julius was saved from imprisonment at the cost of being forbidden the house in future.

AN old Scotch lady was told that her minister used notes. She disbelieved it, whereupon her informant said, "Go into the gallery and see for yourself." She did so, and saw the written sermon. After the preacher had concluded his reading on the last page of his manuscript, he said, with a flourish of his arm, "But, my hearers, I will not enlarge upon this inviting theme," when the old lady cried out from her lofty seat, "Ye canna, ye canna, for your paper's give oot."

A MORRISANIA widower having married a second wife indecorously soon, after the death of the first, was visited with a discordant serenade in token of the disapproval of his fellow-citizens. After standing it as long as he could, he went to the door and expostulated pathetically, thus: "I shay, poys, you ought der be ashamed of yerselfs to be making all dis noise *ven dare vas a funeral here so soon!*"

A FALL RIVER editor, in noticing an undertaker's new hearse, says, "It is an elegant attraction to our city, adding much to the taste and adornment of the place, and rendering a residence within our corporate limits much more desirable than ever before." The Fall River cemetery is probably *beyond* the corporate limits.

SPEAKING of the sad affliction of a citizen of Indianapolis who had recently lost his wife, a local editor says, "The broken-hearted man erected a pine slab over his wife's grave, and presented a four-hundred-dollar piano to the young lady who was so kind to him in his hours of affliction."

A TOLL-GATE keeper in Virginia was lately brought before a magistrate for cruelty to his daughter, occasioned by her allowing her lover to drive through the gate free, when she had charge of it. Like one of Shakespeare's heroines, "She never 'tolled' her love."

"When women get their 'rights,' perhaps my grandma will be elected President," said an affectionate little grandchild to her uncle. "Ah, very likely," responded the uncle, "and it won't be the first time an old granny has been elected to that office, either."

PERU was conquered by the Spaniards, and since that time the coast of that country is said by geologists to have risen eighty feet. The island of New York was conquered by the Dutch, and since that time land has risen here more than a thousand per cent.

A GROCER was complaining that several boxes of candles had been stolen from him of which he could get no trace, when a customer advised him to be of good cheer, as the candles would undoubtedly soon come to light.

OUT in the Apache country the Indians are said to have become so peaceable that it is hard to tell a red-skin from a white man; the only difference being that the white usually has no scalp and the Apache has two or three.

A SHARP old gentleman travelling out West got a seat beside his wife in a crowded car by requesting the young man who sat by her to please watch that woman while he went into another car, as she had fits.

AN old bachelor, at a wedding feast, had the heartlessness to offer the following toast: "Marriage—The gate through which the happy lover leaves his enchanted regions and returns to earth."

IT is irritating, when one has been rolling all night in his berth at sea and is wretchedly ill, to have the steward open his door and ask him if he won't have a fresh roll for breakfast.

A WESTERN journal announces the lynching of a notorious horse-thief as follows: "Mr. Jim Clemanton, equine abductor of Minnesota, was lately the victim of a neck-tie sociable."

A MEMPHIS paper speaks of "an old Tennessean who is *rising* one hundred and one years." The old fellow must be getting pretty well along up.

A FEW Sundays ago a clergyman preached from the text, "Be ye, therefore, steadfast;" but the printers got it, "Be ye there for breakfast."

THE difference between a spendthrift and a first-class couch is, that one is usually hard up and the other soft down.

WHY is interviewing, as an epidemic, like the cholera? Because the era of interviewing is the call-era.

IS a poor man to be avoided simply because he is lacking in principal!

A CAPITAL letter is one that contains a remittance.

## CURRENT ITEMS.

WHILE Mr. E. J. Reed of Shrewsbury, Pa., was speeding a fast horse, the body of the wagon and the shafts separated, and Mr. Reed and a Frenchman who was riding with him were thrown out. The former clung to the reins, and after being dragged a long distance, and having his face and body badly bruised, he succeeded in stopping his horse. The Frenchman also escaped with only slight injuries.

THE VERY OLDEST WOMAN.—The Los Angeles (Cal.) *News* says there is a woman living at the San Gabriel Mission who is one hundred and thirty-two years old, whose eyesight is in complete preservation, and whose step is as elastic as that of a woman of middle age. She is an expert at embroidery, and executes the finest needle-work with facility.

A NEEDLE machine in New Haven, without the manual labor of any person, turns out thirty-five thousand needles daily; another machine picks them up and lays them heads and points together; and a third piece of mechanism puts them in papers. This is bringing the needle business down to a fine point.

WHILE a young man was shooting ducks at Breeze Lake, Ill., one Sunday recently, he discharged one barrel of his gun at a duck, and the other one not going off when snapped, he blew into it to see if it was loaded, when the barrel discharged and blew the top of his head off, killing him instantly.

A LOUISVILLE lady came to New York and paid $300 to have her face enamelled so it would last three years, but there was so much poison in the enamel that it destroyed the facial nerves, ruined her eyesight, and compelled her to abandon society.

CASES of hydrophobia seem to be unusually frequent this year. In Chicago, a few days ago, a mad dog sprang upon a group of four children and bit them all. The mother of one of the children seized and held the dog by main force, until help arrived.

A SHOCKING ACCIDENT.—A few days ago, a large building in Frankfort, N. Y., in which a number of persons resided, suddenly fell, burying the inmates in the ruins. At last accounts fourteen corpses had been recovered.

A CONNECTICUT greenhorn, who recently visited this city for the first time, paid a sharper $1.50 for admission to the Central Park, and thought he got in cheap. A by-stander had the operator arrested.

A VIRGINIA paper says, "The Governor is about to commission four hundred colonels of militia, that being the number of Virginians over twenty-one who have not titles already."

A GENTLEMAN living in Westfield, Mass., in springing to assist a sick child, on Sunday evening of last week, ruptured a bloodvessel, and died the next day of internal hemorrhage.

A ST. JOSEPH, Mo., lawyer sneezed a set of teeth, worth eighty dollars, into a stream, and came near drowning in his efforts to replevin them.

ONE of the latest curiosities in natural history is a calf said to be owned in Oakland, Oregon, which has a pair of wings just behind its shoulders.

A BURGLAR being detected in a house in Nyack, N. Y., went upon the roof and hid in the chimney, where he was discovered and shot dead.

A BOY in Virginia City, Nevada, painted his little brother, and exhibited him as a captured son of Spotted Tail, at twenty-five cents a ticket.

A MAN in Athol, Conn., has been stealing wood for eighteen years from a neighbor, and was only found out last week.

IN some parts of Indiana the woods are so full of pigeons that men and boys kill them with clubs.

A YOUNG man, while practising in a gymnasium, in Philadelphia, fell and broke his neck.

A MISSISSIPPI steamer is commanded by a woman, who is known as Captain Sarah.

### THE SINGING-SCHOOL.

BY NATHAN D. URNER.

I remember the Autumn evenings,
When the air was crisp and cool,
How we walked down the lane together,
On our way to the singing-school.
I remember the singing-master,
And the withering looks he sent,
As we nodded and whispered softly,
With our heads o'er the same book bent.
And when we *kept* time, I remember
How your young, fresh voice arose,
With a sweetness above all the others',
And which haunted me after the close.
And lastly the long, sweet home walk,
With the moonlight on garden and lawn,
And the good-night kiss at the gate-way,
Which lasted, in dreams, till dawn.

I passed your proud home last evening—
The great house under the hill;
And a voice, gushing out from the window,
Enchained me against my will.
'Twas yours, but no longer girlish
Mellow and full and strong,
It bore on its burning torrent
The passionate soul of song.
It filled the night with its rapture,
Clothing spirit and sense with its thrill;
And yet, I say, it enchained me
By its beauty against my will.

For my fancy the years encompassed,
The old years of the evenings cool,
When we walked down the lane together,
On our way to the singing-school.
Again I saw the old master,
And the withering looks he sent,
As again we seemed whispering softly,
With our heads o'er the same book bent.
Again your young voice, in its sweetness,
I could hear through the others' melt;
Again the soft kiss at the gate-way,
In fancy I almost felt.

And I turned, with a sigh, from your window,
As your rich voice, quivering, fell,
And my feelings were sad and bitter,
As my soul was released from its spell.
For dead to me is the old voice
That gave me love and rest,
Since now, in its womanly fulness,
It gives joy to my rival's breast.

◆

# BETWEEN TWO FIRES.

By MRS. SOUTHWORTH,

AUTHOR OF "THE HIDDEN HAND," "SELF-MADE," "THE BROTHERS," ETC.

### CHAPTER C.

A HAPPY LOVER.

The lover is a king; the ground
He treads on is not ours;
His soul by other laws is bound,
Sustained by other powers.
Liver of a diviner life,
He turns a vacant gaze
Toward the theatre of strife,
Where we consume our days.
R. M. MILNES.

On that Monday morning Alden Lytton left Blue Cliff Hall, with his heart full of joy and thankfulness.

He was the accepted lover of Emma Cavendish. And he was so somewhat to his own amazement, for he had not intended to propose to her so soon.

She was a very wealthy heiress, and he was a poor young lawyer, just about to begin the battle of life.

They were both still very young, and could afford to wait a few years. And ardently as he loved her, he wished to see his way clearly to fame and fortune by his profession, before presuming to ask the beautiful heiress to share his life.

But the impulse of an ardent passion may, in some unguarded hour, overturn the firmest resolution of wisdom.

This was so in the case of Alden Lytton.

Up to Saturday, the last day but one of his stay at Blue Cliff Hall, the lovers were not engaged.

Rumor, in proclaiming their engagement, had been, as she often is, beforehand with the facts.

But on that Saturday evening after tea, Alden Lytton found himself walking with Emma Cavendish up and down the long front piazza.

It was a lovely summer night. There was no moon, but the innumerable stars were shining with intense brilliancy from the clear blue-black night sky; the earth sent up an aroma from countless fragrant flowers and spicy shrubs; the dew lay fresh upon all; and the chirp of myriads of little insects of the night almost rivalled the songs of birds during the day.

And so the night was filled with the sparkling light of stars, the fresh coolness of dew, the rich perfume of vegetation, and the low music of insect life.

The near mountains, like walls of Eden, shut in this beautiful scene.

Alden Lytton and Emma Cavendish sauntered slowly up and down the long piazza, feeling the divine influence of the hour and the scene, without thinking much about either.

Indeed they thought only of each other.

They were conscious that this was to be their last walk together for many months, perhaps for years.

Something to this effect Alden murmured.

He received no reply, but he felt a tear drop upon his hand.

Then he lost his self-control. The strong love swelling in his soul burst forth into utterance, and with impassioned tones and eloquent though broken words, he told her of his most presuming and almost hopeless love.

And then he waited, trembling, for the rejection and rebuke that his modesty made him more than half expect.

But no such rebuff came from Emma Cavendish.

She paused in her walk, raised her beautiful eyes to his face, and placed both her hands in his.

And in this manner she silently accepted him.

How fervently he thanked and blessed her!

Emma Cavendish had always been a dutiful daughter to the doting old lady in the "throne room;" so that night, before she slept, she went in and told her grandmother of her engagement to Alden Lytton.

Now by all the rules of wrong, Madam Cavendish should have resolutely set her face against the betrothal of her wealthy granddaughter to a young lawyer with no fortune of his own, and with his way yet to make in the world.

And if the old lady had been somewhat younger, she would probably have done this very thing.

But as it was, she was "*old and childish*," which means that she was more heavenly minded and nearer Heaven than she ever had been since the days of her own infancy and innocence.

So, instead of fixing a pair of terrible spectacled eyes upon the young girl and reading her a severe lecture upon "the eternal fitness of things," as illustrated in wealth mating with wealth and rank with rank, she looked lovingly upon her granddaughter, held out her venerable hand, and drew her up to her bosom, kissed her tenderly, and said:

"Heaven bless you, my own darling! This has come rather suddenly upon me; but since, in the course of nature, you must sometime marry, I do not know a young gentleman in this world to whom I would as soon see you married as to Mr. Alden Lytton. But, my child, I do not think you ought to be married very soon," she added.

"No, dear grandma, I know that," said Emma, kneeling down by her side, and tenderly caressing and kissing her withered hands. "No, dear grandma, I will never leave you, never for any one, not even for him!"

"My darling child, you mistake my meaning. It is not for the selfish purpose of keeping you here, near me, that I advise you to defer your marriage for a time. It is because I think it is decorous that some months should elapse between the betrothal of a young pair and their wedding. Though, of course, there are some cases in which a short engagement and a speedy marriage become expedient, or even necessary. As for instance, my child, if I felt myself near death now, I should certainly wish to hasten your marriage, rather than leave you unprotected in this world."

Emma Cavendish could only kiss her grandmother's hands, and thank her through falling tears.

"And now, my child, I must go to sleep. I always want to go to sleep after anything exciting has happened to me. Good-night, and may Heaven bless you, my love," said the old lady affectionately, as she dismissed her granddaughter.

While Emma Cavendish was talking with her grandmother, Alden Lytton went into the parlor, where he found his sister alone, sitting by one of the windows, gazing thoughtfully out upon the beautiful night.

He drew a chair to her side, seated himself, and with his arm around her waist, told her of his new-born happiness.

She congratulated him fervently and earnestly; and then, returning confidence for confidence, told him of her engagement to the young minister of Wendover.

For rumor, in Mr. Lyle's and Miss Lytton's case also, had anticipated the facts, and had reported their betrothal all over the country long before it was announced to their nearest friends.

Alden Lytton, with all his approving heart, wished his sister joy in her prospective union with the worthy young clergyman.

And then the two, talking together over their future, decided that they must write at once to their Uncle John Lytton, and inform him of their engagements.

Alden undertook to write a letter on the part of both his sister and himself that night.

And on further discussion, it was decided that at the close of her visit to Blue Cliff Hall, Laura should go to Lytton Lodge to make a visit to her relatives there.

The entrance of Emma Cavendish put an end to the discussion, and was the occasion of new congratulations.

The next morning Madam Cavendish sent for Alden Lytton and Emma Cavendish to come up to her room together.

And she then and there read them a grave and affectionate little lecture upon the duties and responsibilities of an engaged couple, gave them her blessing, and dismissed them to go to church.

That Sunday morning every one at Blue Cliffs knew of the betrothal of Mr. Lytton to the young mistress of the Hall.

And on Monday morning all the county knew it, just as well as they *had* known it a month before it happened.

And every one said over once more what they had already said so often—that it was a great pity the daughter of the late Governor Cavendish should be allowed to throw herself and her wealth away upon a penniless young fortune-hunter like Alden Lytton, and all for the want of a proper guardian at hand to restrain her. Old Madam Cavendish, they said, was no better than none at all. And really the Orphan's Court ought to interfere, etc.

But the very bitterest of the malcontents were parents with marriageable sons of their own, any one of which might one day have aspired to the hand of the heiress.

Little cared the happy lovers what their neighbors might think about their betrothal.

They parted that morning, not with tears, but with bright smiles, and promises of frequent correspondence.

Alden Lytton stopped in Wendover to take leave of his friend Mr. Lyle, and to announce the betrothal of Miss Cavendish and himself.

And then scarcely waiting to receive the congratulations of the minister, he hurried off to catch his train for Richmond.

An hour after this, Mr. Lyle had an interview with Victor Hartman, and delighted that poor fellow's soul with the announcement of the betrothal.

And on the same day Mr. Lyle, commissioned by Victor Hartman, went to Blue Cliff Hall, and requested an interview with Madam Cavendish.

The old lady, thinking this was the usual pastoral call from the minister, sent word for him to come up to her room.

And there she received him alone, and after the usual greetings, opened the conversation herself by informing him of the betrothal of her granddaughter to Mr. Alden Lytton.

"It was upon that very subject that I came to see you, madam, on the part of the young gentleman's guardian," replied the minister, and then and there he announced the fact that Mr. Alden Lytton's "guardian" would be prepared to pay down to his ward one hundred thousand dollars on the day of his marriage with Miss Cavendish.

"Emma has money enough," said the old lady, "but that indeed is very liberal. I never could understand about that secret guardian, friend, patron, or whatever you might call him, of the young Lyttons," she added, as if she would have liked some information on the subject.

"No, madam, and I am sorry that I am not yet at liberty to tell you more about him. This, however, I may say, that he is able and willing to keep his word."

And so that interview ended.

### CHAPTER CI.

ON TO MEET HIS FATE.

Meanwhile, Alden Lytton sped on toward the city. He travelled by the express train, which stopped at but few stations.

About two o'clock in the afternoon the train made its longest pause, at a little station about midway between Wendover and Richmond, where it stopped twenty minutes for dinner.

Many of the passengers left the train to stretch their cramped limbs, or to satisfy their hunger.

Alden Lytton got out and went into the waiting-room, when the first form his eyes fell upon was that of Mary Grey.

She looked pale, weary and harassed, as she sat alone on one of the benches, with a small carpet-bag at her feet.

Now Alden Lytton's heart was so full of happiness that it expanded with affection for the whole human race, and even warmed with sympathy for this erring woman, who had once possessed and forfeited his faithful boyish love.

And now, in his compassion, he went to her, and smiling very kindly, he said:

"Why, Mrs. Grey! I am so surprised to see you here, and alone too!" he added.

"When, since I left Blue Cliff Hall, have you ever seen me when I have not been alone?" she inquired, with a sad smile.

"True," he answered gently, "even in a church, or a crowded parlor, you have still been ever alone. But why should this be so, while you have so many faithful friends? Miss Cavendish I know is—"

She put up her hand to stop him. She turned paler than before, and trembled as with a chill. For she had loved this man *only*, of all that she had fascinated and fooled; she had loved him *utterly*; and even now, when she bitterly hated him, she could not bear to hear her rival's name from his lips.

"'The heart knoweth its own bitterness,'" she murmured, in faltering tones. "Let us talk of something else. I came down here to bring some funds that I had collected from charitable friends for a poor family who were burned out near this village. And now I am going back by this train. Pray pardon my nervousness. But the crowd and bustle and excitement of a railway station always does make me very nervous."

"You need refreshment. Come to the table with me and have something. There is yet plenty of time," he said kindly, offering her his arm.

He felt so safe and happy in his wisely placed affection and firmly based engagement to Emma Cavendish, that he could afford to be very kind to this poor woman, although she *had* once possessed—and by her conduct forever forfeited—his honest youthful love.

He gave her his arm and led her away to the dining-room, where a crowd was collected at the refreshment table.

There was a whisper between two attendants as they passed by.

"Hush! that is the young fellow she has been waiting here to meet. It is a runaway marriage, bless you!"

This whisper reached the ears of Alden Lytton and Mary Grey.

Alden Lytton paid no attention to it, thinking that it referred to some "levanting" youth and girl who had chosen this station for their escapade.

But Mary Grey smiled grimly to herself as she heard it.

They had barely time to get a cup of coffee each before the warning shriek of the steam engine called the passengers to take their places.

Alden Lytton drew his companion's arm within his own, led her into the ladies' car, put her into a comfortable seat and took his place beside her.

Purposely suggested by Mary Grey's own calculated actions while waiting at the station, a whisper had got around among the attendants that the lovely young lady in black had come down to meet her lover and elope with him; and from the attendants it had reached the ears of some of the passengers.

And now, as Alden Lytton placed himself innocently enough on the seat beside Mary Grey, the eyes of several of their fellow-travellers turned with curiosity toward them.

Certainly the demeanor of both rather favored the idea of their being a pair of engaged lovers.

Alden Lytton, with his beaming and happy face, and his careful attentions to his companion, wore the look of a successful suitor and prospective bridegroom. Mary Grey, with her pale, pretty face and nervous manner, had as much the appearance of a runaway girl, trembling and frightened at what she was daring.

Meanwhile the train whirled onward, bearing many passengers to happy homes or on pleasant visits; but carrying one among them on to crime and another to disaster.

As they drew near the end of the journey, the crowd in the ladies' car was thinned out by the leaving of passengers at the smaller stations, until at length Alden Lytton and Mary Grey were left nearly alone, and quite out of hearing of any fellow-traveller.

Then Alden said to her:

"I hope you have some plan of occupation and happiness for your future life."

"Yes," murmured Mary Grey. "I have some little prospect. I have the offer of a very good position in a first-class ladies' college near Philadelphia."

"I hope it will suit you."

"I do not know. I have promised to go on and see the institution, and talk with the principal, before concluding the engagement."

"That would be safest, of course," said Alden.

"And I should have gone on a day or two since, but the journey, with its changes from steamer to car and car to steamer, is really quite a serious one for me to take alone, especially as I always get frightened and lose my presence of mind in the terrible uproar of a steamboat landing or a railway station."

"Then you should never undertake such a journey alone," said Alden compassionately.

"No. I know it. But yet I shall have to do so, unless I can hear of some party of friends going on in a few days whom I could join," sighed Mary Grey.

"I am not 'a party of friends,'" smiled Alden; "but I am *one* friend who will be pleased to escort you on that journey, as I am myself going to Philadelphia in a few days."

"You!" exclaimed Mary Grey, in well-affected astonishment.

"Yes, madam," replied Alden, with a bow.

"I did not know you ever went north at all," she added, lifting her eyebrows.

"I never yet have been north of Baltimore, strange to say," smiled Alden Lytton; "but I am going in a few days to Philadelphia to purchase a law library, and should be happy to escort you to your place of destination."

"You are very kind to me, and I am very grateful to you. I accept your offer, and will try to give you as little trouble on the journey as possible."

"Oh, do not speak of trouble! There will be none, I assure you," said Alden pleasantly.

"You are very good to say so, at all events."

"What day would it suit you to go on?" inquired Alden.

"Any day this week, whenever it will be convenient to you. I am the obliged party, and should consider your convenience."

"Not by any means. Any day this week would suit me equally. So I beg that you will please yourself alone."

"No."

"Let me be frank with you then, and prove how little it really would matter to me whether we go to-morrow or any day thereafter. I have to select and fit up a law office, and I have to select and purchase a law library; and I do not care in the least which I do first," said Alden, with earnest politeness.

"Then if it really *is* a matter of indifference to you, I think we will go on to Philadelphia on Wednesday morning."

"Very well. I will make my arrangements accordingly. This is Monday night. We have one intervening day. Where shall I call for you on Wednesday morning?"

"You need not call. I will meet you on the Washington boat."

"Just as you please. I will be there."

The engine shrieked its terrific warning, slackened its speed, and ran slowly into the station.

"I will call a carriage for you," said Alden Lytton.

And he left his companion in the waiting-room, while he went out and selected a good carriage for her use.

Then he came back, took up her travelling-bag, drew her arm in his own, and led her out to it.

"Where shall I tell the coachman to take you?" he inquired, when he had placed her comfortably in her seat.

"To the Miss Cranes', Old Manor, near the Government House," she answered.

Alden Lytton bowed and closed the door, gave the order to the coachman, and then walked off to his own old quarters at the Henrico House.

The carriage started, but had not gone more than a quarter of a mile when Mrs. Grey stopped it.

The coachman got off his box, and came to the window to know her will.

"Turn into the Old Paper-mill road. I wish to call on a sick friend there before going home. Go on. I will keep a look-out, and stop you when we get near the house."

The coachman touched his hat, remounted, and turned his horses' heads to the required direction.

Mary Grey sat close on the left-hand side of the cushion, and drew the curtain away, so that she could look through the window and watch their course.

The night was clear, starlit, and breezy after the hot September day.

It was still early, and the sidewalks were enlivened by young people sauntering in front of their own houses to enjoy the refreshing evening air, while the porches and door-steps were occupied by the elders taking their ease in their own way.

But in the next mile the scene began to change, and instead of the populous street, with its long rows of houses and the cheerful sidewalks, there was a lonely road with detached dwellings and occasional groups of people. In the second mile the scene changed again, and there was an old turnpike, with here and there a solitary road-side dwelling, with perhaps a man leaning over the front gate smoking his pipe, or a pair of lovers billing and cooing under the starlit sky.

Mary Grey kept a bright look-out for the "haunted house," and presently she recognized it, and saw a light shining through the little front window under the vine-covered porch.

"He is there, poor wretch, sure enough, waiting for me. I feel a little sorry for him, because he loves me so devotedly. But, heigh-ho! if I do not spare myself, shall I spare him? No!" said Mary Grey to herself, as she ordered the coachman to draw up.

He stopped and jumped off his box, and came and opened the carriage door. But it was the door on the other side of the carriage, opposite the middle of the road, and not opposite the house, where she wanted to get out.

"Open the other door," she said.

But the negro's teeth were chattering and the whites of his eyes rolling, in fearful contrast with the darkness of his skin.

"Open the other door and let me out. I want to go into that house," repeated Mrs. Grey, a little impatiently.

"Dat dere house!—Oh, laws-a-messy! bress my soul, missy! you don't want to go in *dat* house! Dat's de haunted house! And, oh, law! dere's de corpe lights a burnin' in dere now!" gasped the negro shudderingly, pointing to the dimly lighted windows under the porch.

"You blockhead! those are the tapers in my friend's sick-room. Open the other door, I tell you," said Mrs. Grey angrily.

"'Deed, 'deed, 'deed, missy, you must sense ole nigger like me. I dussint do it, missy! I dussint go on t'other side ob de carriage nex to de ghoses at no price," said the negro, with chattering teeth.

Mary Grey turned and tried to open the other door for herself, but found it impossible, and then turned again and said:

"Well, stand out of my way then, you idiot, and let me out of *this* door."

The negro gave way, and she got out of the carriage into the middle of the dusty road.

### CHAPTER CII

THE SACRIFICE.

At the same moment some one came softly through the cottage gate, and looked up and down the road, as if watching for some one else.

As Mary Grey came around the carriage to the front of the house, she recognized in the watcher Craven Kyte, who at the same instant perceived her.

"Wait here for me," she said to the frightened coachman, as she walked rapidly toward the man who was hurrying to meet her.

"My darling! I have been waiting for you so long!" he said, seizing her hand.

"Hush! The coachman might hear you," she whispered. "Let me come in."

He drew her arm within his own and led her into the cottage, and into a cool, well-lighted, and tastefully furnished parlor.

Poor fellow! he had not only put in a few necessary articles of furniture for his own sleeping-room, but he had fitted up a pretty parlor for her reception, and provided a dainty feast for her entertainment.

To do this in time, he had worked like a mill-horse all day long, and he had spent all his available funds, and even pawned his watch and his little vanities of jewelry to raise more purchase money.

And now he felt rewarded when he saw her look of surprise, which he mistook for a look of pleasure.

There was an Indian matting of bright light colors on the floor, white lace curtains lined with rose-colored cambric at the windows, and a sofa and easy-chairs covered with rose-colored French chintz. There were a few marble-top stands, and tables covered with white crochet work over rose-colored linings. There were vases of fragrant flowers on the mantle shelf, and on the window-sills and stands, and every available place.

In the centre of the room stood a small table, covered with fine white damask, decorated with a Sevres china set for two, and loaded with a variety of choice delicacies—delicious cakes, jellies, fruits, preserves, and lemonade.

"This is a surprise," said Mary Grey, sinking into one of the tempting easy-chairs.

"Oh! I am glad you like it as it is; but oh! indeed, I wish everything here was more worthy of you. If it were in my power I would receive and entertain you like a queen."

"You are *so* good, so thoughtful! And nothing in the world could be pleasanter than this cool, pretty parlor," said Mary Grey, trying to rouse herself from the abstraction into which she had fallen after her first look of surprise at the decorated room; for, truth to tell, her mind was occupied with graver thoughts than appertained to house or furniture, flowers or fruits.

"And this has been ready for you, my queen, ever since sunset. And here I have sat and waited for you, running out every five minutes to see if you were coming," he said, half reproachfully.

"Well, I am here at last, you impatient boy! I could not come before. I was sitting with a sick friend, and could not leave her until she went to sleep," smiled the siren.

"I shall end in being very wickedly jealous of your sick friends, and your poor friends, and your lame friends, and all the other forlornities that take you away from me and keep you away from me so much," he sighed.

"Ah, but when we are married I shall give up this sort of life. For I know that 'charity begins at home;' and though it ought not always to stay there, yet should it stay there the principal part of its time," smiled the witch.

"Ah, I am so glad to hear you say so, dearest dear! You *will* stay home for me most of your time then?"

"It will be my delight to do so."

He caught her hand and kissed it ardently, and drew her slightly toward him, looking at her longingly, as if pleading for a closer kiss.

But she smiled and shook her head, saying archly:

"Remember, remember, if I come here to see you, you must treat me with some respectful reserve, or I will never come again."

"I will do exactly as you wish. I am your slave, and can do no otherwise than as you bid me," he said, with a sigh.

"That is a good, dear boy!" she answered, patting his cheeks; and then adding archly, "A few days, you know, and 'the tables will be turned.' It will then be *you* who will have the right to command, and some else who must 'obey.'"

As the Circe murmured these words his color went and came, and when she ceased he panted out his answer:

"Oh, the thought of ever having you for my own is—too much rapture to be credited! But Mary! my queen Mary! then and ever I shall be your slave as now!"

"Well, we'll see," she murmured, smiling and caressing him. "But now I am tired and hungry, and you are forgetting the duties of a host."

"I am forgetting everything in looking at your beautiful face. But now will you let me take off your bonnet and shawl here, or will you go into the next room and do it for yourself, I remaining here until you come back?"

"I will go into the next room, if you please," said Mary Grey.

And he arose and opened the back door of the cottage parlor, and held it open for her.

She passed through into a prettily furnished and well lighted little bed-room, whose back windows opened upon the fragrant flower-garden.

Here she found everything prepared for her comfort, as if it had been done by the hands of a woman. She took off her bonnet and shawl, brushed her clothes, bathed her face and hands, smoothed her raven ringlets, took a fresh cambric handkerchief from her pocket, and saturated it with Cologne from the toilet-table, and then passed out again into the parlor.

Her devoted slave was waiting for her there. And on the table, in addition to the other comforts, there was a little silver pot of rich aromatic coffee.

"Why! Have you a cook?" inquired Mrs. Grey, in some disturbance.

"No, darling. I made that coffee myself. Sit down now and try it," smiled the poor fellow.

"You are a jewel," she said, as all her disturbance disappeared, and she sat down to the table.

He waited on her with affectionate solicitude, helping her to coffee and cream, to chicken salad and pickled oysters; changing her plate, and pressing her to try the jellies and the cakes, or the fruit and ices, until she had feasted like a princess.

He, in the mean time, ate but little, seeming to feed upon the sight of her enjoyment.

At length she pushed her plate and cup away, and declared she could touch nothing more.

Then he arose as if to clear the service; but she stopped him, saying, "Leave it just as it is, and come and sit with me on the porch outside. The night is beautiful, and I want to sit there and talk with you. I have something to propose."

And she ran into the back room for her bonnet and shawl.

He got up and gave her his arm, and took her out upon the porch.

And they sat down together on the bench, under thickly overhanging vine leaves.

"Craven," she murmured, with her head upon his shoulder, "do you really love me as much as you profess to do?"

"Do I really love you?" he repeated, with impassioned earnestness. "*Oh! how* shall I prove to you *how much?* Protestations are but words. Show me how I can prove to you how much I love you! Put me to the test! *Try me!* TRY ME!"

She hesitated and sighed—perhaps in pity and remorse for this poor boy, who loved her so devotedly, and whom she was about to require to pay down his honor, and his life, as the price of her hand.

"Oh, tell me how I can show you the height and depth and breadth—no; I should rather say, the immeasurability of my infinite love!" he pleaded prayerfully.

Again she sighed and trembled—yes, trembled at the contemplation of the wickedness she was about to perpetrate; but she did not draw back from it. She slid her arm around his neck and kissed him softly, and then said:

"Listen to me, Craven, my dearest. This is Monday night, you know."

"Yes," he said attentively.

"On Wednesday morning I am to start for Philadelphia."

"Oh!" he exclaimed uneasily.

"Hush! Wait until you hear me out. Y must meet me in Philadelphia on Fri morning. And we will be married on F noon."

He was struck speechless, breathl few moments, with the excess of his

Then he panted forth the words;

"Oh, bless you! bless you! my angel! I bless you for this great j

"You must be calm, my dear, a out. You must be punctual, and Friday morning at ten o'clock, dress," she continued, handing h paper with the address in quest upon it. "There, now put it into et-book and keep it safe."

"I will, I will, my queen. But not go with you?"

"For reasons that I will explain I do, you must trust me."

"I trust you utterly."

"Then please leave here for P on Tuesday evening, so as to prec twelve hours. And on Friday m ten o'clock, be at the place I have and wait until I join you."

"And we will be married the sa

"We will be married at noon o day. Now do you understand?"

"My mind is in a delirium of derstand."

"Now, dearest, you must take m carriage," she said, rising and dr shawl around her.

He gave her his arm and led her out carriage, which the frightened negro c man had driven quite to the opposite sid the road from the terrible "haunted house."

"Now go on to the Miss Cranes'," she said, after she had taken leave of her victim and settled herself in her seat.

It was nearly twelve o'clock when she entered her boarding-house; but she told her waiting landladies that she had spent the day and half the night with the sick child, and they were satisfied.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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### AN AUCTIONEER'S FUN.

Many of our readers—those among the elder—of Boston and vicinity, will remember Whitney's Auction Rooms, at No. 39 Washington street. It is all gone now. The old office overhead, where I first tried my hand at the "quill editorial," has passed away, and an imposing front of granite and iron has superseded the modest façade upon which I was so proud, in those long-gone days, to see my name stuck up in golden letters. And those who remember Whitney will not fail to remember "old Torrey," his auctioneer. Once upon a time Torrey was taken sick, and Whitney sent up to the Tremont Theatre for Fullerton to come down and preside at the evening sale. This Fullerton was a wag of the first water. He had, aforetime, been a favorite salesman of the auction mart, but had of late been making himself useful among the knights of the buskin, and was one of Gilbert's best men for sudden make-shifts. At this time Fanny Kemble was at the Tremont, where she had been literally electrifying the people by her impersonation of *Julia* in "*The Hunchback*," and there was hardly a man or woman in the city, with the price of a ticket to spare, who had not seen her; and the ambitious boys of the street, and boys of maturer years, had repeated the celebrated lines of Julia's cry—

"Clifford, why don't you speak to me?
O! Clifford, is it you?" etc.,

until they had become as familiar as household words.

Fullerton had called for bids upon an old-fashioned eight-day clock, and had run it up to ten dollars, when it hung.

"Going—going—ten dollars.—Do I hear no more?—Ten dollars.—All done at ten dollars?—Shall I hear fifty?—All done at ten?—Going—going—*gone!* What name?"

There was a pause. Again the auctioneer demanded—"What name?" upon which a timid voice upon his left answered.—"Clifford."

"*O! Clifford, is it you?*" cried Fullerton, dropping his hammer, and clasping his hands, *a la* Fanny Kemble.

The joke was irresistible. All present—and the large room was crowded—recognized the imitation in a moment; and the audience, in token of their appreciation, followed up the burst of laughter by a round of vociferous applause.

"Clifford!" exclaimed the auctioneer, as soon as the merriment had somewhat subsided, "is it cash?—Shall we call it cash?—O! Clifford"—drawing out his handkerchief in grand burlesque of the divine Fanny—"*is it—is it*—you?"

Clifford, the innocent purchaser, it seems, was a bashful, retiring old bachelor, entirely unacquainted with theatrical things, and having become really alarmed at the unaccountable merriment of the crowd, he was afraid to open his lips again, lest he should excite another burst of the strange humor.

"Is it cash, sir?" again asked the auctioneer.

All eyes were turned upon Clifford, who looked very much as did Jerry Blossom when he wanted to go home to his mother.

Fullerton would rather lose his customer than his joke, and with a last effort of his imitative powers, throwing himself into position, and literally reproducing the flash and the tone of the impetuous, fiery-eyed Fanny, he cried,—

"Clifford!—Why don't you speak to me?"

The assembly fairly screamed at this, and amid the uproarious, deafening burst poor Clifford made a precipitate bolt for the door, and escaped.

S. C., JR.

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—There are people from whom we secretly shrink, whom we would personally avoid, though reason confesses that they are good people; there are others with faults of temper, etc., evident enough, beside whom we live content, as if the air about them did us good.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER
ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR
NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 27, 1872.

REJECTED MANUSCRIPTS.—We will not return rejected manuscripts.

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ROBERT BONNER, Publisher,
Corner of William and Spruce sts., New York.

### The Whiskey Frauds—Gilding One Crime to Punish Another.

The Grand Jury in this city recently re- urned into the United States Court a very ge number of indictments against persons rauds connected in some way with the in- revenue tax on distilled spirits. Most leged offences are of rather long nd the question has been raised prosecution of them is not barred of limitations. On this point opinion; but there is another prosecutions on which we have make. merly an Internal Revenue ed BAILEY. He was first col- strict, and then in another. tive, and made himself very rosecuting people for alleged Internal Revenue Law. He patriot, an exemplary pub- rt of detective saint. He es which he got up against gor, with pertinacity, and, as with unscrupulousness. They secuted them for the chance hich would inure to himself e most important suits which te he failed. All of a sudden, ment and mortification of befriended him, it was dis- he was and long had been a de- he man so pretentious for his as- cellence, was himself a criminal. y immediately became too hot for He ignominiously fled the country, and the purpose of escaping punishment, he has remained in voluntary exile ever since.

It is now said that this man BAILEY is to be brought home to convict some of those who have been indicted, and that immunity to himself is promised as an inducement to him to return and assist in these prosecutions.

It seems to us that this very proposition places in a suspicious light these eleventh hour indictments. We fear there is more appearance than reality of virtue about them.

There is rascality enough for prosecution of more recent date, and for which conviction ought to be possible without resorting to such questionable means as the aid of BAILEY. It is time for the establishment of the principle, in public affairs, that one crime or one venal fault cannot be compounded by activity and zeal in punishing some other. The errors of to-day cannot be covered up and kept out of sight by denouncing in a loud voice those of the past.

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### Narrow Ways—A Narrow Reform.

We see in the papers a great deal of praise of the present Central Park Commissioners. The Park has been rescued, it is said, from the hands of the Vandals. The original plans are now to be carried out, and everything is to be preserved in harmony with the comprehensive plan on which it was originally devised; and that plan was made with a prophetic view to the condition of things as they are likely to exist a century hence. All this, and a great deal more equally satisfactory and assuring, we have constantly repeated to us by the admirers and eulogists of the Commissioners and the Architects of the Park.

Now we wish that for once these people would come down from their aerial soarings and their flourishes about "Art" and "Æsthetics," to a little practical common-sense. The first great need in the Central Park is wider roads. Talk about a century hence; these roads are not half wide enough for the travel over them at this time. On any pleasant afternoon the driving is greatly impeded by the crowded condition of these narrow ways, and made at once less pleasant and less safe than it would be if the roads were double their present width.

Under the late commissioners—whatever may be said against them in other matters—the widening of these roads had been commenced, and some improvement was made. Let the good work be continued—as the good stories in the *Ledger* are.

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### Not Here at That Time.

The Salem *Standard* publishes an essay on Woman, beginning as follows: "Woman has exerted a potent influence in the world from the dawn of creation up to the present time."

This is a mistake. Woman was not in the world at the dawn of creation. Light was created on the first day, but it shone on no woman. Man was not made until the sixth day, and woman not until Adam got lonesome, living alone. But it must be conceded that it was not long after she first made her appearance that she exerted an influence which has been felt ever since.

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### Ladies, Don't!

Why will ladies carry about them strong perfumes? A little cologne is not objectionable; but one is often half suffocated, in public places, when some woman draws forth a handkerchief saturated with some overpowering sweetness, one drop of which would be in infinitely better taste. To our mind, ladies are, or should be, sweet enough without these foreign additions to their honeyed attractions.

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### The Income Tax.

[Extract from a Letter from a Correspondent.]

"I was glad to read in the *Ledger* your editorial on the income tax. It is *astonishing* that the 'powers that be' do not comprehend the odium this nuisance of an income tax is bringing upon them."

### Why Let Him Out?

HENRY NEWMANN, *alias* "Dutch Heinrichs," was recently convicted in the Court of General Sessions in this city, of stealing a large amount of bonds from a broker's office, and was sentenced by Recorder HACKETT to ten years imprisonment, at hard labor, in the State prison.

The convict has led a life of crime, and is known to have committed many burglaries and larcenies. And, as exceptional to the usual result of such a career, he had grown rich out of his villainies. Wherever known he was regarded in the community with apprehension and terror. It was perfectly understood that he contributed nothing to the public stock in any manner, but that he lived and had accumulated a fortune by preying upon the fruits of the industry of others. The life of such a man is wholly evil, and extracts constantly from the enjoyment of the lives of other people.

The *World*, in some very appropriate comments on the case of DUTCH HEINRICHS, cites the English law for the punishment of habitual criminals as one which we should do well to enact here. Under the English act, every man who is known to be habitually addicted to crime may be arrested and compelled to show that he is, at the time, engaged in some honest occupation. The usual presumption of innocence does not apply to his case. On the contrary, he is presumed to be guilty, and is obliged to prove his innocence or go to prison.

We are inclined to think that where a man's whole habit of life is so well established to be criminal as that of DUTCH HEINRICHS is, the better way is never to let him out at all. What reason is there in turning such a wretch loose upon the community again? The chance of his ever really reforming is so small as hardly to be reckoned a possibility. Why let him out to commit more crimes, and either elude justice or put the people to the trouble and expense of again arresting and convicting him?

The place of imprisonment should be healthful and pleasant; the accommodations should be capacious; books and other means of instruction should be liberally supplied; perhaps it would be best to allow the prisoners some share in the profits of their own industry; but we cannot see any sufficient reason why such a criminal as DUTCH HEINRICHS should be permitted ever again to emerge from the prison walls.

Something must be done to render our highways and by-ways, our public streets and private houses, more safe and secure than they are at present; and it seems to us that one great step toward that would be, when we get habitual, confirmed criminals shut up, to KEEP THEM SHUT UP.

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### Nature's Invigorator and Cosmetic.

Some of our scientific men assert that one reason why American woman are so pale, delicate, sleepless and nervous, is because they do not indulge enough in sunshine. They say that sunshine is one of the most nourishing and health-giving influences to which the human system can be subjected. Yet women shut it out of their houses, and cover themselves with vails and parasols, so as to shut off the subtle and potent influence which is intended to give them health and strength and bloom and beauty and cheerfulness. Would a flower ever grow up into a thing of beauty if a parasol were forever held above it, or a vail always thrown over it? Could the rose gain its bloom, or the lily its purity without sunshine? It is said that sunshine is an excellent soporific, and that if it be persistently taken in the open air, it will at last give refreshing sleep to the most nervous and restless.

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### Whitelaw Reid on Journalism.

Mr. WHITELAW REID, of the *Tribune*, recently delivered an interesting lecture on journalism in the chapel of the New York University. He contended that defective as the public journals are now, they are, and have been steadily improving. In the course of his lecture Mr. REID related the following anecdote:

"When Mr. Beecher had avowed his faith in the advantages of having women speak in church, and at the next prayer-meeting a prosy sister had taken up all the time to no purpose, and at the next had done the same, and at the next the same, and at the fourth had been, if possible, more tedious and oppressive than ever before, Mr. Beecher rose, with solemn air, as she took her seat, and observed, in argumentative tone, '*Nevertheless*, brethren and sisters, I believe in women speaking in prayer-meeting.'"

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### How to Prevent Railroad Accidents, or Injuries.

We have received the following letter on this interesting and important subject:

"OFFICE NO. 1714 SOUTH SIXTH STREET,
PHILADELPHIA, April 2d, 1872.

"ROBERT BONNER, ESQ.—*Dear Sir:* I have read, with the feelings of one who knows how *to prevent their effects, not how* to prevent *railroad accidents*, your emphatic article on the fourth page of No. 8 *New York Ledger* in relation thereto.

"Allow me to beg your attention to a report of the proceedings of the Franklin Institute of our city, on Wednesday evening, the 20th March, ult., in describing the 'momentum and vis viva absorber,' consisting of a series of telescopic slides affixed to the ends and in the bed of the common cars in a railroad train, which slides, when drawn out, projecting three feet beyond each end, leaving compartments to be filled with a *crushable, non-elastic* material, to be operated upon in case of concussion, and by gradually *giving way* will absorb, deaden, neutralize and destroy any amount of force in irregular action, and prevent all recoil or rebound.

"To save you the trouble of looking up the 'Public Record' of the 21st ultimo, I will transcribe here the pith of said report: 'An experiment was cited, which took place at Kennett Square, Chester county, Penn., wherein 1700 pounds of coal were used as the absorbent, filling the spaces at the ends of two cars, which were driven together, by two locomotives, at the respective speed of twelve and a half and seventeen and a half miles an hour. The result was that the coal was partially crushed, while the cars received no damage whatever.'

"As you truthfully say, 'It is time that a heavier pressure should be brought to bear on the managers of railways who neglect their duty.' * * * * 'A wise economy would anticipate any such events by applying the cost of accidents to their prevention; and this would be far better, both for the corporations and the public.' Verb. Sat. Sap. Yours very sincerely, J. RANDOLPH ROWAND, M. D."

If an invention of this kind could be put into practical and successful operation, it would deserve to be hailed as a boon to the human race.

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[From the Galena (Ill.) Gazette.]

### Married on the Cars.

It was last Friday evening. Conductor Haines' train was coming east on the Iowa Branch of the Illinois Central. Just before the train reached Jessup station, the passengers were surprised to see a lady of some forty summers stand up beside a young man about twenty-five, while a clergyman proceeded to pronounce them husband and wife, reading the ceremony by the light of the conductor's lamp. The bride was a widow, and her son accompanied them. Madam was all smiles, while the young bridegroom seemed rather dejected.

## BORN IN BOSTON.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

It was our misfortune not to be born in Boston. Slur it over as we may, hide it by all the artifices of insincere indifference, yet the fact remains, and will every now and then break forth, that it was not in Boston that the light first met these eyes. How vain and fugacious are the consolations with which, on dismal days, one comforts himself on this wise: The whole world could not be born in Boston. Somebody had to be born outside of this blessed centre. Why not I? True, the lack can never be supplied; but by good conduct and patient endeavor, many men have lived creditably who were born in other places. Everybody cannot be first. Every one cannot be even eminent. Cæsar was not born in Boston, though he is thought well of here, especially in bronze and cameos and marbles. Yet, had he been born here, his glory would have been enhanced. If He of Bethlehem had been born in Boston, there would have been far less dispute about his divinity. Every good thing is divine in Boston. There have been numberless names of great credit to the world born outside of this celestial city: Dante, Luther, M. Angelo, Albert Durer, Shakespeare, Bacon, Descarte, Spinoza, Buonaparte, and a few others. But had they been born in Boston, it would have been still better for them than it was, and is.

One may be poor and unfortunate, but what has he to envy in the rich and prosperous, if only they were not born in Boston, and *he* was? This is a patrimony that never can be squandered. Every time one thinks of it it is as good as a new birth.

I am pleased, in spite of my secret envy, to see how well the happy people carry themselves whom God selected to be born in Boston. It is not often intruded upon you. Indeed it is not usually mentioned in your presence. It would not comport with politeness to bring home to you your ignoble birth. It is after you are gone that people say, with genuine Christian pity, "Did you hear him speak of being born in Litchfield? I wonder whether he does really not feel the misfortune, or whether he puts on that indifference as a way of braving it out?"

Dear old Litchfield! I love thee still, even if thou didst me the despite of pushing me into life upon thy high and windy hill-top! Where did the spring ever break forth more joyously and sing, at escaping from winter, as the Children of Israel did, when that woman's-rights Miriam chanted her song of victory! Where did the torrid summer ever find a lovelier place in which to cool its beams? What trees ever murmured more gently to soft winds, or roared more lion-like when storms were abroad?

It was there that we learned to fish, to ride a horse alone, to do the barn chores, to cut and split wood, to listen at evening to the croaking frogs and whistling tree-toads, to go to meeting and go to sleep, to tear holes in new clothes; there we learned to hoe, to mow away hay, to weed onions, to stir up minister's horses with an unusual speed when ridden to water; there we went a wandering up and down forest edges, and along the crooked brooks in flower-pied meadows, dreaming about things not to be found in any catechism. But such was the blindness of the heart, that never in all those fourteen years did we once think of Boston!

But must it be always so? Is there no remedy? May not one's adventurous imagination look forth to a better fate in a better sphere? To the Jews there was Jerusalem, and a new Jerusalem. To the Christian there was to be a new heaven and a new earth. May it not be, in that happy day, that we shall find the whole world beyond named Boston—a heavenly Boston—and then all nations shall be gathered there, and receive eternal consolation of their sorrow at not being born in Boston of Massachusetts?

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## A CHAPTER FOR GENTLEMEN.

"Yes, I own I am a slave; but I must keep up a certain style of dress, or be cut by all my acquaintances," said a young lady, as she held her aching head, after having finished for a new-fashioned garment her forty-sixth ruffle.

"*Let* them cut you then!" exclaimed I, in disgust. "What is life worth, purchased at such a price?"

"All very well for you!" was the answer. "You have position and independence; I must marry for both. Men may preach as they please; they don't marry girls now-a-days who are not stylish and good-looking."

"From your point of view then, I suppose you are right," replied I; "but I am mistaken if you have not chosen about the hardest way I know of to 'get a living.' The very man who will select you for your 'style,' will be the first, with rare consistency, to try to remodel you after the pattern of some economical paragon of a relative. That 's what you 'll find, my dear, after the goal is won."

She tossed her pretty head, as if to say, I am willing to risk it; and I left her, longing for the day when woman will have resources sufficient in her own brave heart, well-stocked head, and willing hands, to be able to afford to wait for the only true marriage.

"But her position with regard to us men is false," I hear some gentleman exclaim. "I, for one, should prefer a quiet, plainly dressed girl."

Yes, you *for one*, perhaps; but with regard to the majority of men, I am sorry to say, she was right, sir. Girls are quick to see who among their "set" receive the most attention, and will draw their own conclusions; and I can assure you they will talk and act like the young lady above quoted, until the quiet, modest, "nice girl," who is self-respecting and self-poised, shall really receive the same homage as the shallow, over-dressed flirt who is now the favored recipient of their bows and bouquets.

I am free to own that it requires great courage and great good sense for a warm-hearted, social, *lively* girl to stem this tide of frivolity and worldliness, and remain true to her better self in her corner of isolation; and I could wish that more young men than I can at present number honored them for so doing, not only in their secret hearts, but by the offer of their hands as partners for life.

Meantime, the young men who talk about the impossibility of supporting the "extravagant girl of the period," will please look in their glasses at the *man* of the period.

FANNY FERN.

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### A Plea for the Children.

"Don't be troublesome," says the busy parent to the intelligent, curious questions of his little child, forgetting that this kind of self-education plays so important a part in the history of all our great men and women. There are undoubtedly times when children should not be obtrusive; but a wise parent will know how to curb this fault, and yet never clap the extinguisher, "don't be troublesome," at the wrong moment, on properly awakened curiosity.

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A CORRECT MAN.—A Georgia paper, in an obituary notice of an esteemed citizen, says, "He worked hard, lived at home, *and boarded* at the same place!" Where it is customary for Georgians who live at home, to board, we are not informed.

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—You will not anger a man so much by showing him that you hate him, as by expressing a contempt of him.

## BIRDS OF A FEATHER.

(CAUGHT AT LEISURE.)

BY THE REV. J. HALL, D. D., NEW YORK.

Longfellow has said—and no doubt truly, in the sense of his poem,—

"For time will teach thee soon the truth,
There are no birds in last year's nest."

But in point of fact some of the most remarkable fowl one ever hears of are the bequest of Time, and cannot now be found in any nest whatever by the most diligent ornithologist. Not that they are rare; for one meets them in books, and hears of them in conversation. When, for example, an orator on the Fourth of July expatiates on the grandeur and glory of our nation, the profane say, "Spread Eagle." The application is modern, but the bird is the device of the Emperors of the East, and is as old as the Crusades. In fact, in those early days, it was not enough that the Eagle should make the most of himself by natural expansion of feathers and tail. A second head was required to complete the emblem of imperial greatness, and while Ptolemies and Babylonish monarchs were content with the ordinary bird, which also satisfied the ancient Romans and the modern French, Austria, having Eastern and Western empires at one time, made her Eagle double-headed. So did Russia, on annexing Poland.

Happily for the royal bird, other use has been found for him than to figure on the emblazoned standards of war. The Lecturn in many a handsome Christian church is a carved eagle, sometimes gilt. The selection is founded on the supposed hostility of the Eagle to the Serpent, not—as Chambers' Encyclopedia puts it—because the Eagle was the emblem of John the Divine, but because the outspread wings stood well for the double Testament of the one body of revelation, the foe of the Old Serpent, as the Eagle is the supposed natural enemy of all the snake tribe. The change, however, for the bird is more apparent than real—it is only from the world military to the church *militant*.

Still the eagle is a bird of spirit and dignity, and has not been reduced to mean shifts. Queen Christina's proverb, "Eagles catch no flies," is a good one. "Ye that are MEN, do not waste your strength on trifles," is its meaning. The proverbial saying from the best of books may seem to be an exception to this dignity of pursuit: "Where the carcass is, there will the eagles be gathered together;" but there are varieties of eagles, and Pliny of old and Langé of our own time, agree in making these carrion-vultures. And, truth to tell, it has not always been easy to distinguish between imperial eagles and carrion-vultures!

There is one great disadvantage about that pleasant recreation for man or boy, namely, skipping stones, that you cannot get your stones back. Water smooth; sun shining, not too hot; nothing else to do; it is delightful: but great is the trouble of searching with bended back for stones of the proper size, shape, weight, and *cleanness;* and sad it is to think, as you make space and a long arm for a splendid stone that is to swim like a duck over the water, that you can get but one chance with it; gone from you, it is gone for ever.

But it is that circumstance that gives point to the description of men making "ducks and drakes" of their means. Throw away, gentlemen! That is splendid. Nobody has gone so far as that, or so gracefully. But remember, you don't get the money back. It is gone for ever. Had you not better lay it up in some way in which you could get it back again, such as honest trade, good investment, or unselfish benevolence?

"Unselfish," for—to learn something else among the poultry—a truly benevolent man does not "count his chickens before they are hatched." In fact he does not count them at all. He is more like the ostrich than like Æsop's market-woman (whom Butler took into his Hudibras) who meant to get so much for her eggs, then buy a goose, then with the proceeds a cow; and who, too vividly realizing her joy, kicked over the eggs and lost all! He lays eggs in the sand, as it were; but a beneficent, all-shining sun hatches them into life, though he be not there to see.

Speaking of the ostrich, one has some pleasure in vindicating that bird against popular injustice. What evidence is there that it will thrust its head into a bush or the sand, believing that because it cannot see it cannot be seen? Let the slow crocodile be credited with putting its nose in the mud for safety, and the booby pelican with submitting to be blackmailed by other birds; but we doubt if the ostrich is so simple. We take the whole thing to be of a piece with Pliny's statement that it was taller than a man on horseback, and Diodorus', that it throws stones with its feet at its pursuers. The same remark might be made with equal truth of *Dexter*, as his hoofs throw back the gravel.

Not that the ostrich has much brains—in the culinary sense; for if he had, there would not have been needed those of 600 ostriches for that one dish—of which Roman history has note—prepared by Elogabalus, priest of the sun, Roman Emperor, and fool generally. It was, however, the scarcity of the bird, and not the nutritious quality of the brains, that attracted him. It was a dish of the same "rare excellence" with peacock's brains and nightingale's tongues, affected by the earlier Roman spendthrifts, in the palmy days of "sorcerers, astrologers, spirit-rappers and exorcists."

Indeed if one wants a bird without brains we must fasten, with the French, on the Turkey, one of our own products, so called by us from its cry "turk, turk"—and not because it has any Eastern affinities—and which *ought* to see its way out of the turkey-trap, but does not; and thereby shows itself just as foolish as many a simpleton who persists in his errors to his ruin, rather than *stoop and go back*.

Speaking of the chickens a moment ago, recalls a curious relic of Old England piety in a London inn, "The Hen and Chickens." No one is likely to see how that group symbolizes care and provision—no one but a diligent and familiar reader of the Bible, to whom the "hen gathering her chickens under her wings" is the very emblem of affectionate, protective care. Not one in ten thousand, perhaps, now sees the original point; just as not one in a hundred thousand sees how a hotel comes to be called the "Goat and Compasses"—instead of the devout legend which Puritan piety wrote up at the beginning, "God encompasseth us."

Indeed one has to consider in order to realize how much sacred language penetrates the common speech of a religious people. Thirty years ago the Welsh formed secret societies for the purpose of getting rid of obnoxious turnpikes. Their way was to go at night, carry off and burn the offensive gates. They were called Rebecca-ites. Why? The good people, who knew their Bibles better than any other book, had read the blessing on Rebecca in Genesis: "Let thy seed possess the gates of thine enemies." They were serving themselves heirs to it.

In fact, we get more from the Bible than we know. When we say, playfully, that a "bird of the air" told us, do we not borrow, if Dr. Brewer is reliable, from Ecc. 10.20: "Curse not the king, no, not in thy thought; *for a bird of the air* shall carry the voice, and that which hath wings shall tell the matter." What a gain it were if we could give up the word "talented," which we have come to the same way, for a deeper sense of the meaning of the parable from which we have taken it!

For it is, possibly, from the same quarter, the cock on the church spire has come to us, as though it were said by his presence there to all disciples below, "Do not deny the Master." We say "possibly," for the cock was a great bird among the Goths, and got a place in gothic churches—hence the crowing over them perhaps—not to say in them—and being dedicated to the sun-god might naturally enough, among the earlier heathen, have been set to catch the earliest sun-rays.

Crowing is the acknowledged and peculiar function of the cock. So the Spanish proverb has it, "It is a sad house where the hen crows and the cock is mute." Still it is not so severe as that which Brewer quotes and explains:

"A whistling maid and crowing hen
Is neither fit for gods nor men,"

the whistling maid being a witch accustomed, like the sailors of later times, to whistle for the wind.

There is no reason to connect the cock of the poultry yard with "cock and bull" stories—that phrase being short for "concocted and bully" according to some, according to others, being a sly hit at Æsop's way of making birds and beasts talk. Many instances exist, indeed, of corrupted words conveying wrong impressions. How, for example, did the Eastern Phœnix come into connection with the celebrated and classic park of Dublin? One may see the wonderful bird there on the top of a pillar rising to take its flight—as described by one of Ireland's (many) poets:

"The enchanted pile of that lonely bird,
Who sings at the last his own death-lay,
And in music and perfume dies away."

The mellifluous Irish for fair water is *fenwisk*—so pronounced—and a spring in the place, or possibly the fair Liffey gliding by, was so called; but the barbarous English took it for "phœnix," and so the apocryphal bird that never was and never will be, gets the perpetual honor.

Even so the immortal Shakespeare is likely to become obscure, if readers do not take care. He makes Hamlet say, "I am but mad north-north-west; when the wind is southerly, I know a hawk from a handsaw." Not much skill in that, one would say; but the last word is corrupt for "heron-shaw"—a spurious kind of hawk, like that bird of chivalry, but with no chivalry in its spirit.

But, ah me! it is time to go to work, to close up Webster and Brewer and Kelly and Shakespeare, and all their wealth of words and wit, and to relieve Mr. BONNER and his million of readers, not many of whom can feel much interest in recreations of this kind. But they will be charitable to the weakness of another, and remember how "each crow thinks its own bird the fairest."

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## HIGHWAY ROBBERY.

BY ETHEL LYNN.

Robbed on the highway boldly,
Robbed in a ruthless way;
Robbed without cry or parley,
Robbed in the open day!

This I remember only:
A strange and subtle spell;
A glance like summer lightning,
And voice like silver bell.

I gave nor cry nor struggle,
Called not for aid aloud;
Sought not the law's protection,
Nor pity from the crowd;

But gave, quite unresisting,
The treasure I have lost;
Nay more, forgave the robber
Whose path my own had crossed.

"Six feet," strong and stalwart,
Captured by "five feet one;"
Bound by a tether finer
Than ever spider spun!

My captor wore a bonnet
Misty and blue and small;
Outside it, rose or feather
I cannot tell at all.

But pearls, and stars, and roses,
And curling rings of gold,
Were somewhere 'twixt the bonnet
And throat-tie's silken fold—

And words with silver echoes
Rang as she passed me by,
And then my heart, unguarded,
She bore off bodily.

'Twas thus the robber met me,
One sunny Saturday—
Robbed me in open daylight,
Upon the broad highway.

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### The New York Fire Department—How the Fire Telegraph Works—Quickness of the Men in Getting on Duty.

[From the Turf, Field and Farm.]

It was Tuesday last that the writer, in company with Mr. Robert Bonner, ascended the steps and asked for Mr. Fire Commissioner James Galway. In a few moments we were in the presence of that gentleman, and after the compliments of the morning, were courteously shown through the building. The officers at head-quarters are in constant communication with all parts of the city. The telegraph machinery used is of the most elaborate mechanism. At almost every street corner in New York there is a fire box, and when a fire breaks out in any particular neighborhood, the policeman on duty in the vicinity runs to the box and sounds the alarm by turning a crank. Each box in a district is so arranged as to strike a certain number of strokes, and by these strokes its location is determined. Every alarm so given is received at head-quarters, and the orders are instantaneously sent to the company or companies whose services are immediately required. The instrument is so arranged that it will receive and record any number of alarms at the same time.

By briefly describing a single operation, the reader will gain a faint idea of the system that prevails. The chief operator approached one of the instruments, and sent over the wires twenty rapid strokes. Almost the next moment came the response, ringing sharp and clear on the bells. "Twenty strokes," said Mr. Galway, in explanation, "mean an inquiry if the men stationed in the various bell towers are on duty. Wires run to all towers, and every time a stroke is sounded here, it is heard on the bell in each tower. The question is sent out at any moment of the day or night, so the sentinel can never know when the summons may come. He cannot leave his post for an instant, or fall asleep, without danger of detection. When the twenty strokes bring a quick response from every tower, we know that all the men are at their posts and wide awake. And should any tower fail to respond, a man is immediately dispatched to find out what the trouble is."

When the company is summoned to a fire a gong rings throughout the station. The horses stand untied in the stalls with harness on, and the moment the gong sounds they wheel and rush down the hall, taking their places in front of the engine on either side of the pole. The men fairly tumble down stairs from their apartments, and each knowing his particular place sets to work, and in a few seconds the snaps are all made fast, the driver shouts ready, the assistant foreman throws open the folding doors, and with a wild, Tartar-like rush, the horses, engine and men go into the street, and with shout, and snort, and clang of bells and clatter of wheels, the whole rattle away over the stony pavement. We timed two of the teams. The men were up in their rooms, and the horses in the stalls. Mr. Bonner started his watch as Mr. Galway struck the gong, and in sixteen seconds thereafter the driver, seated on his box, shouted ready.

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[From the Philadelphia Herald.]

### Battered His Own Head for $1,500.

Our readers will recollect, about the middle of last month, we gave an account of how a young man named William P. Weaver, the ticket agent of the Pennsylvania Central Railroad at West Philadelphia, had been murderously assaulted in his office, about one o'clock in the morning, and the safe robbed of about $1,500 in cash. It was stated at the time that the young man was so badly injured that none but his nurse and physician could see him, and therefore the matter rested, as far as further publicity was concerned.

Detective Joshua Taggart took charge of the case, and, it appears, soon determined that no stranger could have entered the depot or left it at the time when the alleged robbery took place. About a week ago, when the young man left the house for the first time, he learned from a friend that he was suspected of having robbed the safe, and inflicted the injuries upon his own head.

He then endeavored to take his own life in earnest, by swallowing an overdose of laudanum. Through the exertions of several physicians his life was saved, however, and yesterday, when closely pressed, he admitted that he took the money from the safe and inflicted the injuries upon himself. He gave information as to where he had secreted the funds.

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—There is nothing honorable that is not innocent, and nothing mean but what attaches guilt.

### BRAVE, WISE AND TRUE.

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

Brave is he
Who conquers and controls himself;
Unswayed by blandishments of fashion,
Unmoved by the appeals of passion,
And the arguments of pelf.
Brave is he!

He is brave
As any at the cannon's throat,
Who dares to add to well-worn leather
A stitch to hold his shoes together,
Or wear a patch upon his coat.
He is brave!

Wise is he
Who has the wit and grace to shun
The debt which brings a scourge to-morrow,
The summons, and the shame and sorrow
Of the humiliating dun.
Wise is he!

He is wise
And brave, who, unashamed of toil,
Earns the sweet bread he eats with labor,
And never stoops to cheat his neighbor
With the thin sham of shining foil.
He is wise!

True is he
Who woos and wins a maiden true,
Without the plots of villains clever,
For nothing can his love dissever,
While shines the sun, or drops the dew.
True is he!

He is true.
Though hard his hand, his heart is soft,
Love's tender eyes can soon discover.
A brave man is a constant lover,
His vows are registered aloft.
He is true!

# MARK HEBER'S LUCK;

OR,

# Life on the Plains.

By LEON LEWIS,

AUTHOR OF "THE BOY MAGICIAN," "RED KNIFE,"
"THE BROKEN HOME," "EDDY'S SEARCH,"
"THE CLUB-FOOT BEAR," ETC., ETC.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### A PROPOSITION FROM BLUE JACK.

The breathless announcement of Mark Heber that the majority of the Indians had scaled the wall and were already within the stockade, threw the little band of settlers into a momentary panic.

They stood motionless as death, their startled eyes trying to pierce the gloom, their hands grasping their rifles.

"Is it possible?" breathed Mr. Hopkins, as in utter despair. "The savages between us and the block-house! We are lost!"

"We must hasten to the block-house at once," whispered Mark shrilly. "Blue Jack may make for the block-house first of all, if he suspects its existence, or location. He has a full description of the fort as it was when Pringle saw it. Come now, swiftly and silently. Be careful not to run against some prowling savage. I will run ahead to stand guard at the ladder, and to warn the women to keep silent."

He descended the ladder swiftly, and his light footsteps died out in the darkness.

"Come," said Mr. Whitman. "We have no time to lose. God grant, in His mercy, that even now we are not too late!"

The savages, a full score of them, were still beating upon the great gates, and filling the air with their frightful, discordant yells.

Under cover of the hideous noises, the settlers stole down the ladder like deeper shadows amid shadows, and gained the ground.

"Now for the block-house," whispered Mr. Whitman. "The Indians may suspect our movements from the fact that we have ceased firing. Be swift, yet cautious."

They glided onward in a nearly compact body, grasping their rifles in readiness for use, their ears and eyes upon the alert to catch the faintest sound or moving shadow.

In this manner they reached the edge of the square.

Here Mr. Whitman halted abruptly, and those behind him followed his example instinctively.

They heard near them faint whispering sounds, and soft, rustling movements, as of footsteps in the grass.

Guided by these sounds, the settlers swerved from their course and stole half way around the square, approaching the block-house in a circuitous manner.

All was still as death when they neared the building. The possibility that the savages might be lurking at the foot of the ladder made them cautious.

"How dark it is," whispered Whitman, for the twentieth time that night. "I can't see where we are. I can make out the form of the block-house, now that we are close upon it, but where's the ladder?"

He groped around with one arm outstretched, his wild, anxious eyes sending forth peering glances.

"Hist!" whispered a voice not five yards distant, a voice recognized as that of Mark Heber. "Who comes there?"

They heard the ominous click of his rifle, as he stood guard at the foot of the ladder, as sternly resolute as any Roman soldier in days of old.

The advancing settlers drew quick breaths of relief.

"It's me, Whitman, and the rest," said the old farmer. "Is all safe, Mark?"

"So far. But there's no time to lose."

The settlers groped their way to Mark, guided by his voice. The youth seized Whitman's hand and placed it upon the ladder. The old man climbed up as silently as possible, and entered the overhanging gallery in the second story of the block-house.

Mark guided the next settler to the ladder, the next, and the next. They swarmed up the rounds closely together and almost noiselessly.

Horace Brown came last, and he had placed his foot upon the lowermost rung of the ascent when the battering upon the gates ceased, and a sudden swift rush and succession of yells at the western side of the stockade testified that the gates had been opened from within, and that the whole force of savages was within the fort.

Brown clung to the ladder an instant as if paralyzed. And before he could stir steps were heard close at hand, creeping toward the block-house.

"Up with you!" cried Mark, in a whisper. "The Indians are within a few yards of us."

Brown climbed up in mad haste, his noise betraying his movement.

Two or three shots came suddenly out of the darkness, whistling past our young hero.

Mark Heber flew up the ladder like a cat, and sprang nimbly into the overhanging gallery, or outer room of the second story. The ladder was drawn up in a twinkling, and not an instant too soon. For a swift rush was made below in the darkness toward the spot he had just left, and eager hands groped about for the ladder that had been withdrawn.

"Fire!" said Whitman, closing the trap-door through which the ladder had been pulled up. "They are too near us. They may burn us up."

The settlers placed their rifles to the loop-holes in the over-hanging flooring, and fired downward.

Two or three frightful shrieks mingled with the sound of the discharge. The Indians, yelling like maddened demons, caught up their wounded and retreated in furious haste to the further side of the square.

The settlers loaded their weapons, and placing them at the loop-holes in the side wall, fired again.

They were answered by shots, and yells of defiance and hatred, from the savages.

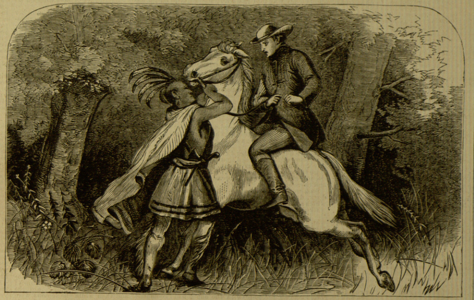
"It is terrible, this fighting in the dark!" said Whitman. "If we could only take aim, we could do better."

The savages evidently shared Whitman's opinion, for at this juncture a bright light suddenly flamed up upon the opposite side of the square, lighting up that side of the fort with constantly increasing brilliancy.

"They have made a bonfire of the shavings and chips left in the road," said Will Whitman. "What's that for? Don't the fools see that they are enabling us to select our targets?"

The settlers took aim by the unsteady light and fired in concert.

The savages, fifty or more in number, looking a hundred at the least, were moving about, restless and full of eagerness, their half-naked figures and plumed heads now thrown into relief as they neared the fire, now fading into indistinctness as they retreated into the dense gloom outside the circle of light.



MARK HEBER ARRESTED IN HIS FLIGHT BY AN INDIAN.

It was impossible to see if any Indian had been wounded by the scattering shots from the fort.

The bright light of the bonfire shone full upon the eastern wall of the fort, and the Indians, hiding in the darkness outside the fire they had kindled, sent shot after shot toward the fort, the bullets bounding back, or burying themselves in the heavy logs.

"Pick out Blue Jack and the Sioux chief, and fire at them," cried Whitman excitedly. "Their deaths will create a panic, and the savages may take to flight."

It is probable that Blue Jack had the same idea, for he was careful not to show himself.

"We'll let old Swivel speak," said Mark Heber. "The gun is loaded, Mr. Whitman."

Whitman came forward and touched off the big gun, which belched forth its deadly vomit of fire and shot, with what effect they could not know.

They were peering out, in the hope of detecting some signs of panic among the Indians, when they beheld two or three half-naked savages rush up to the blazing bonfire with long sticks which caught the flames, and then retreat to the door of Heber's cabin, which they burst in.

"Great Heaven!" cried Horace Brown, "they are setting fire to Heber's house!"

Mark Heber set his lips firmly together, repressing a groan. He watched the red miscreants touch their flaming torches to the delicate chintz hangings of his bright room, to his shelves of books, his couch; and his bronzed cheeks grew paler when they dashed into Gay's bed-room, and set fire to this also in a dozen places. They broke his windows too, and dragged out Gay's trunk and the various boxes in the house, and flung them open, dividing their contents with loud cries of rejoicing.

His emigrant wagon was in his yard, near the house. They fired this also.

Mark watched the larger share of his worldly wealth flame up in the darkness with eyes that blazed. His rifle rang out repeatedly, and one Indian at least fell to rise no more. The other settlers fired also, and old Swivel was called upon to aid in the conflict, and several savages were mowed down by a raking shot, as they stood in front of the burning house.

The fire rose higher and higher until the pretty house was wrapped in flames.

Mark was reloading his rifle with a stern, set face and great blazing eyes, when he felt a light touch upon his arm. Looking around with a start, he beheld Gay.

"This is no place for you, Gay!" he cried hastily. "Don't look out. Go back—go back!"

"I have seen the fire," replied Gay, with a calmness at which he wondered. "And I want to tell you not to be troubled, Mark. We can build another house, you know. I had rather it would be our house than that of the others. The Indians have attacked the settlement upon our account, and I would not wish the other settlers to lose their homes by us."

"You are right, Gay, my brave little sister! You have brought me comfort. But now go back to the women and children—"

"I have not been in the inner chamber since the men came," interposed Gay. "I have several boys with me to watch the other sides of the fort. The Indians may possibly creep up there in the darkness, while the principal attack is upon this side. We can watch as well as the men, and that keeps the strong arms where they are needed. I will warn you if we detect signs of approach upon the other sides."

"My brave little Gay! Be careful of yourself. If any harm should happen to you, I should want to die."

He bent toward her, pressing a passionate kiss upon her mouth, and with a sudden choking in his throat turned back to his loop-hole.

Gay hurried away to her self-imposed, but necessary task.

The log-house was now one sheet of flame, yet burning slowly. The glare lighted up half the square, and one side of the block-house so distinctly that its rows of dark loop-holes were seen like sinister eyes along its face. The savages had retreated behind the fire, and their shots now and then came in showers toward the small fortress.

But suddenly a new weapon, yet one old in savage warfare, was directed against the block-house.

A blazing arrow was shot from the darkness, like a burning meteor, and fell just short of the log wall.

The settlers uttered a simultaneous shriek of dismay.

Another arrow, with flaming point, shot by a steadier hand, came hurtling through the lighted space and found lodgment in the roof of the building.

A triumphant yell from the savages declared to the settlers their success.

Mark Heber dashed away like a rocket, and ran up the steep ladder to the low roof. He had stored pails of water here for emergency, but they were not now needed. He found that the light of the burning arrow had died out of itself.

The roof of the block-house was edged with a parapet of heavy stones, picked up from the river banks. Mark crouched behind this low wall and waited.

The next moment a lighted arrow whizzed past him and fell upon the roof. The wind was blowing fiercely, and the arrow, which had been previously dipped in some inflammable substance, burned up with a vivid flame. Mark picked it up and flung it into a pail of water close at hand.

Peeping through an interstice in the stone-wall, Mark saw the burning arrows, like a shower of meteors, burst from the darkness and come swiftly toward the log fortress, active messengers of destruction and death.

Some fell short of the fort, some sped wide of the mark, two or three fell upon the roof, and two found lodgment in the log wall and burned slowly and sullenly.

Mark raised his head and peered over. A dozen shots were fired at him from the direction of the savages, the light clearly revealing his movements. Unhurt, he seized a pail of water and dashed down upon the burning arrows, and quickly dropped from view behind the wall.

While Mark was thus toiling to save the block-house from flames, the settlers below him were firing at every savage that showed himself, and once or twice the swivel gun poured out a volley of menace and destruction. Gay and her assistants, boys between the ages of twelve and sixteen, all armed, and all animated with the heroic spirit of their elders, stood sentinel upon the three sides of the fort wrapped in darkness.

Mark Heber was in the act of extinguishing a lighted arrow that had fallen at his feet, when Mr. Whitman crept up the ladder and looked out upon him.

"I'm beginning to be discouraged, Heber," said the old man wearily. "The red devils will be too much for us. Twenty of them can wear us out utterly before morning, and the rest will then find us an easy prey. If no wagon train makes its appearance to-morrow we are doomed—unless word can be got to the fort. And that is impossible!"

Mark leaned over the low wall to pour water upon the logs in which two burning arrows were sticking. A bullet whizzed past him, and Mr. Whitman dropped as if shot. He arose as Mark crept back behind the low stone-wall.

"It looks impossible to send a messenger from the block-house, and it is risky business," said Mark quietly. "No doubt every side of this building is closely watched. We need every man now here, yet we could spare a messenger if one would go."

"Ah, that's it," cried Mr. Whitman. "Who would go?"

"I would," said Mark, "if I could be spared."

"I don't see how you can. What can we do without you? You are my right arm, Mark, if not the actual leader of the party. But we must have help!"

Mark peered over the parapet, lowering his head as a bullet came near.

"We must have help, as you say," said the youth. "I'll undertake to bring it in six hours' time, or less. Can you hold out until then?"

"Yes, O yes," was the eager response.

Before Mark could speak again, a bugle blast rang out from below, and a man stepped out into the circle of light, bearing a torch in one hand and a white rag in the other, waving the latter above his head.

The man was Burk.

"A flag of truce!" cried Whitman. "What have they to say?"

He peeped cautiously over the parapet, fearing some snare. Mark was equally cautious. The amazed settlers in the gallery below stopped firing, and waited breathlessly for what was to come.

Burk waved his flag of truce, coming nearer to the fortress with evident trepidation. He paused midway between the burning house and the block-house.

"I have a proposition to make to the settlers from Blue Jack and the Sioux chief Yako," he proclaimed, in a loud voice. "Blue Jack has no hatred against his countrymen. He has destroyed but one house out of eight, as you have noticed. He has torches ready to fire the remaining houses, and to fling into your cattle pen, but before he proceeds to the last extremity, he desires to offer you terms."

"Say on!" cried Mr. Whitman, peeping over the parapet on the top of the block-house. "What terms can Blue Jack offer us?"

"We are fifty to your handful," said Burk, continuing according to his instructions, and deferring a reply to Whitman's question. "We will destroy your houses, your cattle. Before daybreak your block-house will be in flames, your men tomahawked, your women and children carried off into slavery. But Blue Jack offers you a way of escape. He will retire with his force of Indians, leaving your houses, your cattle, your wagons, your stockade untouched, upon one condition."

"Name it," said Whitman.

"It is, that you surrender up to him Mark Heber and the girl known as Gay Heber. Give them up, and he will guarantee to spare your lives, your cattle and your settlement, and never again to molest you," proclaimed Burk.

Whitman leaped to his feet, an indignant fire in his eyes, an indignant and scornful answer on his lips. But Mark reached up his hand and caught him, saying:

"Tell them to give you fifteen minutes for consideration. The rest will do us all good, and during the quarter hour we will decide upon sending a messenger to Fort McPherson."

Mr. Whitman recognized Mark's wisdom, and made answer to Burk, desiring fifteen minutes in which to consider whether or not he would yield to Blue Jack's terms.

Burk retreated, joining his friends. Presently he reappeared, announcing that Blue Jack had consented to allow the settlers fifteen minutes for consultation, and that hostilities would be suspended for that length of time.

## CHAPTER XX.

### ANOTHER CRITICAL MOMENT.

Mr. Whitman and Mark Heber hastened down from the roof into the upper story of the block-house, joining the remainder of the small garrison. Horace Brown had been posted at one of the loop-holes with instructions to keep a keen eye upon the enemy, lest the truce should have been a ruse to throw the settlers off their guard, and the rest of the men were rubbing up their rifles and reloading with the energy of desperation.

"That accursed Blue Jack must think that we are made of as vile stuff as himself," exclaimed Mr. Hopkins, as Whitman and Heber made their appearance. "To think that we would yield up two of our number, and one of them a mere child, to save the rest of us! The miserable coward!"

"I'd like to get a shot at Blue Jack," cried Will Whitman vindictively. "The pitiful wretch doesn't know what honor and friendship, let alone decency, mean."

Mark Heber felt a light touch upon his arm. Looking down, he beheld Gay, pale as a spirit, but calm, and with a heroic light on her small bright face that seemed to glorify it.

She was about to speak to him when some of the women came out from the inner room, bringing pots of hot coffee, cups and plates, great dishes of hot antelope steak, and fried pork, and bread. The women were all calm, and even cheerful.

"You must eat, if you're going to fight," said Mrs. Whitman, approaching her husband. "Fighting on an empty stomach is hard work. The best use you can make of the truce is to eat strengthening food."

"My wife is right," said Whitman. "Pitch in, boys. We'll eat first and consult afterward. Things may look better after a meal."

Gay Heber evidently had some great project in her mind. She grew anxious and a little restless, but begged Mrs. Whitman for a cup of coffee and some steak, eating in a business-like way, as if it were a necessary measure. She finished first of all, and hurried up to Mark.

"I have something to tell you," she whispered to Mark, as Mrs. Knox took their plates. "The others won't be through for several minutes yet. Come with me."

Taking Mark's arm she drew him around to the opposite side of the gallery, thus placing the inner room between them and the garrison.

Here they were alone, and in darkness but for the faint light that came out from the inner room in the very centre of the building.

"Mark," the young girl whispered, in a voice that thrilled young Heber's very soul, "I heard Blue Jack's conditions, as declared by Burk. And, oh, Mark, there is something horrible to me in the thought that because of us, all these kind people, men, women and children, must suffer. Mark, escape is impossible, unless help comes from the fort. Is this not so?"

"A wagon train might arrive to-morrow, Gay—"

"It would come too late! Only the promptest and most decisive action can save us. A messenger must be sent to the fort. But how will he find the fort? The darkness is so intense that he cannot tell north from south, east from west, except he can follow the road and the river. I suppose that can be done. But how can he steal a horse from the pen, which is lighted up with the bonfires and our fallen house, now nearly burnt to embers? That cannot be done."

"No, it cannot be done," assented Mark.

"One cannot go on foot. Before a foot messenger could reach Fort McPherson, every settler would be massacred. Mark, dear Mark, we cannot have the blood of these people upon our hands. I am the daughter of this wretched Blue Jack, and you have incurred his hatred. He will surely kill you, if we fall into his hands; he may kill me. Shall we let these good people suffer for us?"

"But what can we do, Gay?" demanded Mark. "I can go to Fort McPherson, if I can get outside the stockade, but you will still be here, you know—"

"Listen to me, Mark," said Gay caressingly, but with a vehement earnestness. "I have thought the matter all over, and have formed a plan. If Mr. Whitman were able to assure Blue Jack that you and I were not here—that we were gone—the settlement might be spared."

"They wouldn't believe him."

"They would if his words were true. He might allow Burk to enter the block-house and assure himself that he told the truth, and that we were gone. If the block-house were captured, the people would fare better if we were absent. And, Mark, there is the grand possibility that the block-house might hold out until the troops could get here. Do you think it could?"

"I am sure it could," cried Mark. "That is, if the messenger could have a horse."

"Then, Mark, you must go to the fort. You can get a horse somehow, I am sure. You must go, Mark, and take me with you. Hush! I will not remain here to imperil these women and children. I shall go with you."

Mark looked at the slender young girl in amazement. In the dimness, her eyes shone out at him like stars.

"This is a mad project of yours, Gay," he exclaimed. "Mr. Whitman will never consent to it."

"He must not know of it. I shall go, Mark—I must go. It is on our account the Indians are fighting these settlers. We are the Jonahs, as you said to-night. I heard you tell Mr. Whitman so. Once we are cast out, dear Mark, all will be well with them. And God will take care of us, Mark. I shall not fear. I have opened the trap-door here and looked down. It is dark as pitch outside, and if the Indians are prowling on this side of the block-house they cannot see our descent. The overhanging story screens us, and we will be close in the shadow of the wall. I have a rope here ready to lower us. Speak, Mark. Say that you consent."

"I cannot consent to doom you to almost certain death, Gay. I will go to Fort McPherson alone."

"I shall go with you," cried Gay firmly.

Steps were heard coming around the gallery. Gay crept nearer to her foster-brother, and a shadow fell upon her face as Mr. Whitman turned the angle of the inner room and hastily approached them.

"Ten minutes are gone, Mark," said the elder man anxiously. "What are we to do? The difficulty about obtaining a horse puts an end to the design of sending a messenger to the fort. We're here like rats in a trap, and the enemy has only to tire us out to take us captive!"

"I will go to Fort McPherson, Mr. Whitman, if you can spare me," said Mark Heber resolutely. "I'll guarantee to get a horse."

"But the cattle pen is all lighted up by the glare of the bonfires. You cannot get a horse out."

"I know it, sir. But you can safely leave it all to me. I'll promise to secure a horse, although my plan has danger in it. I'll go, but you must station a man in my place upon the roof to watch for burning arrows."

"You are the only one who is anxious to go," said Whitman. "It's a dangerous mission, full of peril. You may not get out of the stockade alive. Indians may be upon every side of us. It stands to reason that we are surrounded by Indians, with every avenue of escape closely guarded. But if you still choose to go, Mark, then go, and may God speed you on your way."

"When Burk demands your answer," said Mark calmly, "demand yet fifteen minutes more in which to decide upon his offered terms. Husband your resources. Hold out until daybreak, and if I am alive I'll be here then with aid!"

He held out his hand. Mr. Whitman grasped it.

"I must be off now," continued Mark quietly. "Every moment counts. Gay, my darling, you cannot go with me, but you can do something to take my place. I shall ride for life—for your life, Gay! Be brave. Remember that true bravery is shown in patient waiting, as well as in daring deeds. And now, Gay, I must go!"

He strained her to his breast in silence. His heart swelled with a passionate tenderness for her, a great and mighty love, that came upon his soul like a revelation. It was not as a brother he loved her, after his years of brotherly devotion. Ah, no: he knew in that moment that he loved the bright, heroic girl with the passionate love a man feels but once in his lifetime, and then toward her he would make his wife.

But he had no time to think—no time to speak. He put Gay gently from him, groped for a piece of rope on the floor, and gently lifted the trap-door.

A rush of chill air came up through the aperture. Mark peered down into the blackness below. The darkness might be full of dangers, but he could not see them.

He secured one end of the rope to a hook in the log wall of the inner room, and dropped the loose end slowly downward. No one stirred in the darkness, no lurking savage seemed to hear his movements.

He seized his rifle, and with a last glance at Mr. Whitman—a last look at Gay—he slowly lowered himself along the rope to the ground.

He crouched a moment close to the wall, wary and watchful as some hunted beast, while Mr. Whitman drew up the rope and closed the trap-door.

The die was cast now. Even if Mark had wished it, there was no retreat.

But he did not wish it. His young soul was nerved to the task before him, and he felt equal to the perils he would encounter. At the worst he could but die, and he was resolved to perish in a fight, rather than to allow himself to be captured and to be put to death by torture.

He believed the darkness around him to contain prowling savages, keen-eyed, keen-eared sentinels, who would hear the faintest sound, and perhaps trace forms where his eyes could make out nothing. Shouldering his rifle, therefore, he moved with infinite caution away from the block-house, and safely gained the still denser shadows under the stockade.

A few steps further gave him a full view of the interior of the fort.

The Heber house had burned down, but bonfires were blazing on the ground around its recent site, and behind these fires the majority of the Indians were lurking.

He was himself hidden in the heavy outlying gloom, but against the bright background he could see the forms of prowling savages moving hither and thither. The cattle pen was brightly illuminated, and horses and oxen were excited and restless.

"Can't get a horse here, that's settled," said Mark to himself. "To try to get one out of the pen would be absolute madness. I had best get outside the stockade, I think, before I try to get a horse. There's no knowing," he added grimly, "that I shall live to need one!"

He stole along, keeping close to the stockade, and moving toward the great gates, which he believed were still open, and which lay in deep shadow.

He had traversed about half the distance, expecting to encounter an Indian at any moment, when, looking across the open square, he beheld Burk come out in front of the blazing fires, and after a blast through his bugle, the ruffian called loudly:

"Time's more than up. What's your answer?"

Mark could not see Mr. Whitman, but he heard him answer:

"Give us fifteen minutes longer. A matter like this cannot be decided in such haste."

"Not another minute," said Burk, with an oath. "This parleying to gain time won't work. You know whether you want to live or not. Just say which you'll have—life or death."

"Take my request to your master," returned Whitman. "Tell him I entreat for a little further delay."

Burk retreated, growling.

Mark stole on toward the great gates, as softly as any cat. Before he reached it, he paused again, hearing Burk's voice, in reply to Whitman's demand.

"Blue Jack gives you ten minutes more," he shouted, "and if your mind isn't made up then he'll renew the attack. He don't want to murder you all in order to gain possession of the two persons he wants, but if you will not give them up, Blue Jack says he shall not be able to restrain the Indians when they force you to surrender."

With this, Burk again retired.

Mark Heber resumed his stealthy flight.

As he crept nearer to the gates, a rustling sound and low breathing near at hand declared to his quickened hearing that an Indian sentinel had been placed to guard that place of egress.

Here was an unexpected obstacle.

He halted, and made out from the sound the position of the sentinel. He made up his mind that this guard was alone, hearing no other breathing save his own suppressed respiration. He placed his hand along the wall, guiding himself carefully, and stole out at the gate at the side opposite that at which the sentinel stood, there being some ten feet between him and the savage, whose eyes were fixed upon his friends and the block-house, and away from the escaping settler.

Mark crossed the small bridge over the ditch or moat with his heart, as one might say, in his mouth. The faint noise he made was drowned in the sudden neighing of a horse not far away from him upon the prairie.

The Indians had left their steeds at the distance of half a mile from the fort, but since they had effected an entrance into the stockade, the horses had been brought nearer, and were now picketed in the grove of cottonwoods under the care of three sentinels, and but a few rods from the stockade.

Mark comprehended the change as the neighing of the horse was repeated, and crept over the prairie grass in the direction whence the sound came, animated with new hope and courage.

"There must be a guard here," he thought. "I shall run a risk, but I must get a horse. One at the outer edge of the grove, if possible."

The animals seemed restive, rearing and neighing, and Mark heard low, soothing words uttered in the Indian tongue. Shaping his course by these sounds, he avoided the nearest sentinels and passed around to the other side of the grove.

Here he boldly entered, yet moving softly, and approached the horses, whose position was indicated by their restless motion.

He crept up to one, which grew quiet under his touch, and felt him over cautiously in the darkness. He was saddled and bridled. Mark felt his legs; they were clean, hard and shapely. He drew his hand over the horse's face and mouth. The animal began to rear and plunge, realizing probably with brute instinct that it was a strange hand upon him, but Mark, satisfied that the beast was sound and strong, did not wait to pursue his investigations.

He drew his hunting knife and cut the lariat confining the steed, and led him out into the edge of the grove. The noise made by the animal, his heavy footfalls, his quickened breathing, his plunges and starts, once or twice repeated, terrified Mark with the fear of discovery.

He halted the creature just in the outer circle of trees and mounted him. Then with a wildly exultant feeling he pulled upon the rein and pushed forward at a walk. He had not gone ten paces outside the grove, when a brawny savage started up in his path, grasping his rein, and uttered a yell that rang out far and wide in shrill alarum.

As if in echo, or answer, the Indians within the fort set up a renewal of their warwhoops and shrieks. The ten minutes had expired. The attack upon the block-house had recommenced.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## A NIGHT EDITOR'S STORY.

My story is a ghost story, and one of the genuine article, I conclude, from putting together my pre-conceived ideas of ghosts and the particular experience I have to relate on this occasion. It is an experience so strange, so terrible and so fraught with poignant grief, that for a long time after its occurrence I shrank from all mention of it; but time, the great alleviator, enables me now to sit down and give a calm account of the events to which I refer.

I was night editor on the Hawbuck *Morning Sentinel*. My associate in the local department was Ward Sutfin, a young fellow of keen perceptions, ready wit and active ability. He had clear eyes, a concentrative brow, a rather pale complexion, a long, flaring jet-black mustache, and an open, wide-awake look that was a faithful index of his character. Nothing escaped his observation. He was indefatigably industrious, and picked up all the news, delving out items from the most apparently barren ground. He was the best Local we had ever had, and our department of city news, soon after his advent, outstripped those of all our contemporaries in variety and spice.

Ward had one fault, however. The social bowl possessed powerful attractions for him, and it was too often evident that he had been imbibing more freely than a sound judgment would dictate. To be sure, he was seldom unfitted for business—not more than once in three or four months, perhaps—but he was pursuing a path which, if persisted in, must, I endeavored to persuade him, eventually result in his own downfall. I talked to him often about it, but, although he always listened pleasantly, my words seemed to be uselessly expended. He was always the same free and easy, light-hearted, convivial fellow, and hard working, valuable assistant.

He would frequently choose a topic of popular interest and write thereon a series of descriptive articles in a free, gossipy vein, just calculated to catch the public attention. This was in addition to his regular work as city editor. The amount of labor he accomplished, and the ease with which he performed it, frequently filled me with astonishment.

Well do I remember when he chose for his theme "Dregs and Scum." He penetrated the vilest haunts of the lowest classes, and described their habits in a wonderfully vivid manner. Their vices, their misfortunes, the bright spots in their lives, together with scraps of adventure and incident—exciting, amusing and pathetic—were all treated with rare spirit and grace by his ready pen.

Of course in this pursuit he visited the resorts of thieves, villains and desperadoes, and plunged into scenes against his safe exit from which there were many chances.

"We will see what can be fished up from the slime," he would say, with a mocking laugh, and start off on one of his midnight excursions. Or again he would announce that he had an appointment to meet some distinguished friends, the true purport of which remark we all well understood.

Ward and I, when at work, occupied a room by ourselves, while the managing editor, and Bailey, his assistant, had another apartment just across the hall.

One night about half-past eleven Ward said to me:

"Well, Peck, I guess I'll go out and see what I can see. I've sent in a couple of columns, and Dobbin will be on the look-out to report if anything turns up. I'll be back by half-past one or two."

Dobbin was a middle-aged, seedy individual, of some ability, but no particular occupation, who loafed around the office most of the time, in readiness to assist, for a small remuneration, in any department that happened to be crowded. He frequently lent his aid to Ward in reporting police cases, accidents, rows and the like.

"Hold on, Ward," I said, looking him in the face; "hadn't you better wait until to-morrow night?"

"Why? Oh! I know; you think I'm not exactly well balanced. But I'm all right. I'm in just the mood for it to-night, too."

"Yes, you always are, for that matter. Where do you propose to go to-night?"

"Down to Muggins' Forks."

The very worst place in the city! The concentration of vile and desperate lawlessness!

"You're not in earnest, Ward. You're not going there to-night, are you?"

"That's just where I'm going. You know their great mogul, Barney Buck, is awaiting trial for that highway robbery scrape, and I want to hear their comments. Jove! won't it be a rich treat!"

"I heard they were going to have a talk about it."

"Yes, Muggins' Forks is to hold an indignation meeting. Ha! ha!"

"Well, Ward, I wouldn't go, that's all."

"Well, Peck, I don't want you to go. But *I'm* going."

"You may take this if you want it," and I unlocked a drawer, and drew out a six-shooter.

"No!" he exclaimed, laughing in scorn.

"You had better take it."

But he persisted in declining.

"Very well; have your own way. But be cool, and keep a sharp look-out. And promise me one thing, Ward: that you will not drink anything more to-night, at least until you get back."

He had been slowly moving toward the door, and now rushed out suddenly, exclaiming, with a laugh:

"All right. I guess not."

After he was gone I moved uneasily in my chair for some moments, and at last with an effort bent myself to the work before me. Presently Bailey came in on an errand.

"Where's Sutfin?" he said.

"Don't ask," I replied.

"Oh!" he exclaimed, with a scowl. "Be gone long?"

"Till half-past one," he said.

"Well, I hope he'll get back." And with the last word the door swung shut, as Bailey retired.

I echoed an Amen to his wish. We all liked Ward, and felt an interest in him. He was so young, so bright, and capable of so much.

My head was not clear that night. I could not think straight, nor bring my energies to bear on the tasks before me. So I took my meerschaum down from its shelf, scraped it out carefully, went to a private drawer, and filled the pipe with some genuine Turkish tobacco that I kept on hand for rare occasions like the present one. For it was not often that my brain baffled me, and when it did, a pipe full of this tobacco would invariably set things going swimmingly. I suspect it contained a liberal admixture of those fascinating, treacherous drugs for which the East is famous, for its effect was always indescribably exhilarating. It gave me new energy, new life, and a quick, far-sighted penetration that could grapple with any problem within the scope of my learning or information.

Perhaps I took a more liberal allowance than usual that time. I do not know that I did; but I never felt so keen or so fascinated by any work as on that particular night. I worked on steadily and untiringly, conscious of no effort, and completely absorbed in the tasks before me.

I do not know how long I had thus sat, when a very strange incident occurred. It was the beginning of the strangest experience of my life—an experience whose parallel I hope and expect never to pass through again.

My tasks were completed, with the exception of one or two trifles, and I leaned back in my chair and yawned. Happening to look around—I know not what it was that impelled me to look around at that particular moment—I beheld the door open noiselessly and Ward Sutfin enter. It was about two o'clock, or after.

"What's the matter, Ward?" I cried, for there was a bright red wound on his forehead, and every vestige of color seemed to have faded from his face.

He paid no attention to my inquiry, but proceeded directly to his desk and sat down. He walked with his usual quick step, and immediately on seating himself took pencil and paper and began to write.

"Ward! I say."

Still he did not reply. His pencil travelled over the paper rapidly.

"Ward!" I spoke loudly and sharply.

But he paid no attention to my voice. I concluded that he was so absorbed as not to hear me—though that would not be like him. I felt curious to know how he had received the wound on his forehead, which, however, I concluded from his cool behavior could be nothing serious.

I took a newspaper, rolled it up into a bunch, and threw it at his head, thinking to startle him.

Horror! It seemed to go *through him*, and he went on writing, apparently undisturbed.

I gazed at him spellbound.

Finally he threw down his pencil and arose.

"See here, old boy!" I exclaimed, springing up and starting toward him.

But without even so much as looking at me, he walked quickly to the door, opened it, seemed to *glide out*, and closed it noiselessly after him.

I followed him hastily. Going into the outer hall, I expected to overtake him, but he was not in sight. I ran across an office boy.

"Did you see Mr. Sutfin just now?" I asked.

"No, sir."

"You did not?"

"No, sir. There ha'n't been nobody here."

"How long have you been here?"

"A few minutes. I was waitin' for Jim."

"Ward certainly just came out here from my room."

"Guess not—leastwise I didn't see him."

I was bewildered. I returned to my room, and was just about to sit down to my table, when I bethought myself to examine what Ward had written.

I went to his desk, and to my intense astonishment and horror, read the following:

"MURDER.—Mr. Ward Sutfin, local editor of this paper, came to his death at the hands of assassins shortly before two o'clock this morning. He had been attending—as a spectator—an indignation meeting at Muggins' Forks, and, while leaving, was set upon by three ruffians and severely beaten. One of the trio accomplished their murderous design by striking a fearful blow on his forehead with a small bar of iron. They left his body in a cellar way in Pinche's Alley."

At first I was so transfixed as to be able only to hold the paper in my hand and stare at it. I read it thrice over, scanning each word and letter in a horrible fascination. It was Ward's handwriting—there was no mistake about that; and Ward had written it—for I had seen him.

Strange to say, no suspicion of a practical joke entered my head for an instant. Calm reflection would doubtless have suggested that explanation of the affair. But I did not reflect calmly. I pounced upon a conclusion without delay, and that was, that Ward *had* been murdered, and that I had seen his ghost! Strange proceeding, would it not be, for a man to appear after being killed and write his own obituary? However, the strangeness nor the preposterousness of the idea did not enter my mind then. I simply accepted it at once, with all its horror and wildness.

As I said, I held the paper in my hand, and read it repeatedly. I was in a sort of stupor for a few seconds, and then came suddenly the desire to *act*. The place mentioned as the receptacle of Ward's body must be searched immediately.

I laid the paper down and went to the door. As I opened it a gust of wind swept in, creating quite a commotion among the papers. I sprang back to the table. Ward's manuscript had blown off with the rest, and I stooped down to look for it. Just then I heard Bailey's step in the outer hall, and I called:

"Bailey! Bailey! Come in here, for God's sake!"

"What's up, Peck?"

He entered hastily, and spoke with surprised anxiety. I can't distinctly recollect, much less account for, my manner on that night.

"It's just as I feared," I said, still searching for the missing paper.

"What is it?"

"Ward—"

"What of him?"

"He is killed."

"WARD KILLED! How? When? Who brought the news?"

I suddenly paused in my search, and stared at him blankly as he asked the last question.

"Why don't you answer me?" His voice was full of harshness and distress. "Who told you? Where is he?"

"In a cellar way on Pinche's Alley."

"Who brought the news? Will you answer that?"

"He brought it himself—or rather his ghost did," I answered doggedly.

"See here, Peck," said Bailey, sharply, "don't have any fooling on such a subject. Are you joking, or are you not?"

"*Joking!* No, no! I wish I was. But come on!" I seized him by the shoulder and endeavored to drag him toward the door. "We must find his body."

Bailey thought I was out of my head, and I do not blame him. He disengaged himself from my grasp and wheeled about, facing me.

"Now tell me what you mean?" he said sternly, with a voice and manner that brought me back to coherency.

In as calm a manner as possible I related to him the events of the few moments just passed.

When I had concluded he eyed me narrowly, and his face bore an incredulous look.

"You don't believe me," I said. "But be kind enough to help me for a moment, and we will soon find the paper. The wind blew it on the floor."

We searched for some time, but in vain. I felt rather chagrined, and was doubly anxious to find it. But it was not to be found. We searched every nook and corner, and examined every stray scrap.

"It must have fallen into the fireplace," I said. "See—there are its charred remains now."

"Yes, I see," said Bailey, looking at me pityingly. "But never mind to-night, Peck. You had better go home and get rested."

This infuriated me.

"You are trifling!" I ejaculated. "You don't believe me. But I am neither drunk nor crazy; I have spoken the truth, and you or some one else must go with me immediately to Muggins' Forks."

Bailey poohed and endeavored to persuade me out of this idea, whereat I left him without ceremony.

I made my way into the street and walked swiftly to the police head-quarters.

I was well acquainted there, and without being obliged to enter into minute explanations, was furnished with an escort of two officers.

"Been a fuss at the Forks, did you say?" remarked one of them, after we had got well on our way.

"Yes—in fact, there has been a murder—"

"Whew! That's coming it pretty strong! You didn't tell us that."

"No. I might not have been believed if I had. It is rather a singular affair, take it all through. But if we search the cellar ways on Pinche's Alley, it's my opinion that we'll find the dead body of Ward Sutfin."

Both men uttered startled exclamations at this, and demanded to know my reasons for thus speaking.

I then detailed to them the particulars that have already been related, at which they uttered sundry expressions of surprise and incredulity.

But we hurried on faster than ever, and in due course of time reached that quarter of the city known as Muggins' Forks. It was in a state of comparative quietude, being dark and silent, lights gleaming only occasionally here and there out of low grogggeries.

Soon we turned on Pinche's Alley, a narrow, dirty, dark lane, from various quarters of which arose stenches almost unbearable. We walked slowly and cautiously along, guided by the light of one of the policemen's lanterns, which cast about a ghostly glimmer, seeming to make visible the foulness of the air and the corruption which left not untainted one inch of space. With hesitating steps and dread anticipation we pursued our horrible search. Down into damp places and nests of filth we peered, withdrawing from each as soon as we had scanned it thoroughly.

We found it.

It lay partially doubled up, but the head and face were visible. I looked first at the forehead, and there was a bright red wound, corresponding precisely with the one I had seen on—what?

We carefully gathered it up, and straightened it out, and composed the limbs in a less painful posture. There were two hands that worked with loving, though trembling, touch.

It was taken to the hospital, in order to ascertain beyond peradventure whether or not life was extinct. The physician said he must have been dead an hour.

I thought, when I returned to the office, that Bailey looked on me with an expression akin to awe. But I was in a mood far from triumphant. I had loved Ward dearly, and was bowed down with grief at his untimely and terrible death.

I spare all sickening details of the excitement that followed, of the talk about *my* part in the tragedy, of the fruitless search for the murderers.

Afterward Bailey made me give him a more explicit account of the strange manner in which I received information of the tragic event.

And as I minutely described each circumstance, he alternately opened his eyes wide, scowled, laughed, and looked wise. What else could he do?

I do not attempt to give any explanation of what I have related. The facts—or my memory of them—have been laid before the reader. But as I think them over, questions obtrude themselves upon each other.

Was I dreaming? If so, is there method in dreams? And can a stimulated brain receive an impression from a dream so vivid and indelible as to be indistinguishable from a memory of an actual fact? If so, what is memory but a delusion, and to what extent can we trust our recollections of the past? But why pursue the subject?

O. S. A.

## AMY'S MUSIC-MASTER.

BY HATTIE KYLE.

It was rather dull for Amy Hobart in the quiet, old-fashioned house standing on the quiet, old-fashioned street, for she was the only child of sober old people, who had few visitors save the companions of their own youth.

On the stroke of seven every morning she rose, plaited her hair, donned her morning robe and descended to breakfast. The matutinal hours were spent in study, assisted by a grim elderly lady who had soured her visage and her temper by long years of daily journeyings, through all kinds of weather, to administer unwelcome and infinitesimal doses from the "Pierian spring."

At the stroke of twelve, Amy dined alone with her mother. At four Mr. Hobart arrived, and the party drove out in their plain *coupé* behind the sober little pony. At seven they supped, after which Amy produced her father's dressing-gown and slippers, and filled his pipe. Then followed reading of an instructive nature. And so the days passed, except on rare and festive occasions.

Amy had once had a suitor, a most respectable and wealthy gentleman nearly of her own father's age, and therefore quite settled in character; but neither the age, the respectability, nor the wealth, proved any inducements to Amy. The old folks had favored his cause, but when they discovered their daughter's aversion to the idea, yielded with a good grace, and were rather pleased, on the whole, not to lose their little girl, who was yet scarcely more than a child.

By far the greatest event of Amy's life was the Christmas present of a grand piano. When the carriers who brought it were well out of the house, she danced around it and clapped her hands in ecstasy. She produced all the airs she knew from it before the day was over, evoking them laboriously with her little fore-finger, while her father and mother stood looking on with gratified smiles.

The next question was, who should be Amy's teacher? Her morning instructress was ignorant of the graceful arts, and, besides, Amy must have a real professor. He was found after much searching—Signor Giovanni Battiste Cassanielli. There was a little personal prejudice against him from the first on the part of the old couple, but of his musical capabilities and power to impart instruction there was no doubt whatever, although he was still young, and as yet but little known; and the desire to assist deserving talent decided their choice.

The daughter wondered exceedingly why they thought him too young, why they harped so much upon this one objection. She thought, indeed, she should much prefer a young teacher, all other things being equal. The middle-aged professors she had seen were cross old gentlemen who tapped their pupils' fingers with a lead pencil when mistakes occurred, and were savage and tyrannical generally. And this Giovanni—what a beautiful name!—looked exceedingly amiable.

And so he proved. Oh, those delicious music lessons! Only two a week! Amy could have taken one every hour of every day with pleasure. As it was, she spent the intervening time in thinking of them. That much-enduring woman who was supposed to be "finishing" Miss Hobart, checked this one more name off the short list of *unaggravating* pupils, and added it to the long list of *aggravating* ones, for such was her mental division of the youth intrusted to her charge. But with her music Amy progressed rapidly. Teacher and pupil were indefatigable, and there were little items of knowledge imparted and received which were not included in the quarters' bills.

When the difference between appogiaturas and portamentos was pointed out, Amy learned that Signor Giovanni's hands were white and slender and graceful; when that little foreign accent of his made it impossible to distinguish between "trills" and "drills," between "ties" and "D's," she looked up and discovered that the lips from whence the broken accents came were crimson and beautifully infantile in their expression, and the teeth behind them just like gleaming pearls. Above this her modest eyes never reached except when, standing behind him while he rattled off the day's exercise, her glances dropped on his glossy raven locks.

It was the day of the eleventh lesson in her second quarter—Amy's calendar was regulated and measured by these lessons now—that, coming down the stairs into the cozy little breakfast room, she heard Cassanielli's name. She had never descended to such an action before, but, for her life, she could not help it now; she slid down the last stair quietly and stood, bolt upright, just outside the door, "with her heart in her mouth," as people say and feel, though anatomy disproves the assertion.

"He's after our Amy," said old Mrs. Hobart warmly, as one would accuse a hypocritical thief.

"Now, are you sure, mother?" asked the good lady's husband.

"Trust me," was the reply. "I knew how it would be from the first, and I really think Amy—"

"Don't tell me that," Amy heard her father say quite roughly. She had never heard him speak so angrily before.

"He's a wretch, a scamp, a-a vagabond!"

"But," remonstrated his spouse deprecatingly, "he may be in love with her. She's pretty enough and good enough for any man. You were not a rich man, you know, and I hadn't a cent, and we have been very happy all these years."

"You married a *man*, Betsy. Love, indeed! He's after her money. People know that she will be well off. I knew how it would be from the first. Well, is the quarter most out?"

Amy heard no more, for she walked in pale and abstracted, and sat down to a pretext of breakfast. Not a morsel could she swallow, what with agitation and conflicting emotions, and the knowledge that curious eyes were upon her.

All that morning she went about her tasks in a dream.

"He's after Amy!" Those were her mother's words. What could her mother know? What had she seen? only coming into the room now and then while the lessons were going on; and she herself sitting close beside him, had never seen or guessed if there were truly anything to know. So when, that day, the hour was half over, Amy lifted her shy, frightened eyes, and looked straight into two great, glorious, beautiful orbs, shaded by long dark fringes, and—if it must be told—an arm stole round her waist, and the two crimson lips descended on her own!

There was a silken rustle just then outside the door. The pair resumed their former upright positions. Then the long, supple fingers of one of those beautiful hands ran nimbly up and down the ivory keys, executing brilliant staccato movements and divine little trills, while the other pressed Amy's tiny fingers beneath the piano, and the eloquent tongue poured liquid music into Amy's ear.

The girl made a formal surrender of her heart then and there. Her father had called him—she couldn't repeat what, even to herself; but the thought seemed to urge her on. It was as though she had determined that the daughter's good deeds should make amends for the father's evil words.

Eight more lessons, and after that—what? Amy pondered the question morning, noon and night. Only seven more, and the question still undecided. But there were words and glances that memory loved to dwell upon. Then came the all-important question, and Amy faltered out her answer. She would go through the world with him! She would live in any home, however humble! She would cook, wash, sweep for him, as her mother had done for *her* lover, when they were young together; for Amy, with all her romance, was a practical little creature.

"Cook, wash, sweep, with those little hands!" protested Giovanni; "no, that should never be!"

"What then?" said the girl, a little disappointed, to tell the truth. It would have been so sweet to make a sacrifice for his sake.

"Would not her dear papa and mamma relent, and help them out until he had fought his way up in the world?"

No. Amy was certain as to that. She could not repeat the cruel words to Giovanni—'Scamp! Wretch!' But they decided her. Her father would never relent, or perhaps only after Giovanni had proved himself the angel that he was.

Only one more lesson. She had promised to fly with him. She was to take her jewels, her private purse, and such small articles as could be contained in a small valise, and steal out in the darkness, to find his carriage waiting; thence to the minister's; thence to seventy or eighty years of Paradise on earth. Possibly kind Heaven, in consideration of their special virtues, might vouchsafe them a round century of sublunary bliss.

About this period, alarmed by fears a certain well-remembered conversation had suggested, Amy took to eavesdropping to an alarming extent. If she had not been totally lost to all sentiment and feeling, except such as related to the one object of her adoration, she would have blushed for herself. She heard, by dint of much flattening herself against walls, and hiding behind curtains and doors, that her lover's clandestine intentions were still suspected; that they feared his influence over her even now; that they had decided on another music-master.

That they should never once have given her Giovanni credit for any motives but unworthy ones, roused her mild nature almost to fury against this good old father and mother of hers. But an event occurred which caused a sudden revulsion of feeling. For days she had known that some new trouble was at hand, something more, she was sure, than those vague fears respecting her; and the day after that on which she gave her pledge to leave their roof for ever, she entered an apartment to find the couple clasped in each other's arms, the woman sobbing on her husband's breast.

"It's very fortunate the Baileys have moved out," she said, between her sobs. "We can go there to-morrow."

Now the Baileys were two poor old people who lived in a little shabby house belonging to the Hobarts—the house, indeed, where they had spent the first years of their married life, before they had scraped together money enough to make it their own; then to pay off the mortgage; then to purchase the larger one in which they now lived, a palatial residence in comparison.

"And why, mother?" asked Amy incredulously.

"Your father thinks it best," cried Mrs. Hobart, still sobbing.

Then it rushed upon the girl's mind that her father had suddenly become poor, that all which had seemed so solid to her—the banked money that was to have been her fortune in the future, the house bought with cash, the prosperous business—had somehow slipped out of his hands. She did not understand it at all, but she had read of such things.

And was she to leave her parents in their trouble? She hesitated for a few moments, even for a day; but she had given her word to Giovanni. She must go on. Might it not be that, now they were poor, her father might believe in the young man's sincerity? No. He had called him wicked, cruel names. Was it possible—for the first time in her life a doubt of her good, kind father entered her mind—was it possible that he had wished her to marry the rich friend to save himself from this disgrace of sudden bankruptcy, or whatever his misfortune might be?

She dismissed the thought as unprofitable, and went on assisting her mother's preparations for departure. There was little to be done. All their good, handsome clothing was left behind; all articles of furniture, useful and ornamental.

"We shall find all we need where we are going," said the old lady, with a sigh.

And she only selected from their wardrobe a few plain dresses, and such other articles as one ordinary trunk would contain. They left a faithful old servant in charge of everything, and the hired man weeding the conservatory—for other eyes to see, thought Amy—and visions of auction flags and inquisitive purchasers flitted through her mind.

She wrote a note to the master who had taught her so much besides music, and told him of the calamity that had befallen her parents, promising to meet him at the appointed hour and spot, unless she heard from him again, as her new home was but little distant. She remembered afterward that she had forgotten to mention its whereabouts, and so put it out of his power to change their place of meeting.

That queer little, dilapidated house! How different it was from Amy's old home! No conveniences; nothing pretty, or comfortable, or nice. And then, to see her own mother in a calico gown, with her sleeves rolled up to her elbows, instead of the genteel black silk which became her plump little person so well—that was distressing.

The first day or two the novelty gave a charm to her new employments, but Amy began to feel that she should loathe them soon. To take ashes from a dirty stove and find them flying into one's eyes and down one's throat was poor amusement, and the scrub-pail her mother took to so kindly was her abhorrence. The nasty brown soap made the skin of her little hands so shrivelled and shiny. Surely Giovanni would not call them little lilies if they always looked so, as they surely would some day. But she must do all this and more until people discovered and rewarded Professor Cassanielli's genius, and so she went through it all somehow.

The week passed; the day came. Amy lay in her little room all night, her heart beating like a sledge hammer, remorseful, even before the act was done, for leaving the dear parents who were so tender to her, in the midst of their trouble. At four in the morning, when the faint, gray dawn just began to break the blackness of the night, she rose from her couch, took the bag containing her watch and jewels which she had been allowed to keep, and the little pin-money she still had left.

She crept past the door of her parents' room, trembling lest they should hear her footsteps, yet longing to kiss them once again, then turned the large door-key and stole into the quiet streets. There were more passers-by than the poor frightened child had expected or cared to see, and they turned and looked at the little hurrying figure, wrapped from head to foot in a hooded cloak—a policeman, a reeling drunken man, two rough boys on a market wagon. She fled with quicker feet as she passed them, and as she fled a footstep seemed to follow. Was it a freak of startled fancy, or a real, ringing step on the hard stones? Out of breath with haste and excitement, she paused at the appointed spot and looked around her. The sound, if indeed it were a sound, ceased.

No person or carriage was in sight, no sound of wheels to be heard. The little bag in her hand, though but a light burden, seemed every moment growing too heavy for her strength, and the pavements struck an icy chill through her feet, as she stood shivering in the bleak morning air.

She found by her watch that she had waited ten minutes, fifteen, and still no sign. She heard the guardian of the city's peace turn the next corner to that on which she stood, the same man who had eyed her so suspiciously but a few moments before. He would speak to her this time, she was sure. She gave one glance of despair toward the dark heavens and turned to fly the approaching terror.

Where to go? What to do? The question was answered for her. A figure stepped from a door-way close at hand, a short, stout figure, neither graceful nor romantic. Amy recognized it even through the gloom, and never, never had she been so glad to see that good little father of hers, from the time when she leaped and crowed in her nurse's arms at his coming.

She hardly dared to lift her eyes to his face, but she laid her forehead on his shoulder, and thrust her cold, trembling morsel of a hand into his.

"O, father, take me home!"

That was all she could say. And he tucked the hand under his arm, and trotted back over the road she had just come. A very respectable pair they looked; a middle-aged gentleman in a stout overcoat, accompanied by a young lady in a water-proof cloak, and travelling bag in hand.

At the door of their new abode stood Mrs. Hobart, and a smile of joy overspread her countenance as she welcomed the pair. Inside, hot coffee and cakes awaited them; an early breakfast, over which they sat in silence. It must be confessed the steaming beverage was a comfort to the runaway girl, and under its influence she raised her head at last, and tried to falter out some faint extenuation of her act.

"Don't talk, Amy," said her mother. "We knew all about it from the first, but we didn't want you to think we were cruel parents; so we just let you have your own way. You might have known, child, your fine lover wouldn't take you from a home like this. If he had met you to-night your father would have brought him home. We made up our minds to that."

"He may be sick or dead," Amy stammered out; for in all her shame and confusion the fear was strong upon her.

"Didn't I tell you?" cried Mr. Hobart, in a mournful tone. "She believes in him, in the very face of his villainy. Well, girl, we'll give him another chance. If you want him, and he you, you shall have your way. Mother and I have decided on that. He may love you, if he is a fool; and he may be dead, as you say."

The worthy pair held a council, to which Amy was admitted, and by the earliest post an artful note, without signature, was dispatched, requesting a call from Professor Cassanielli.

The music-master's countenance was a curious study when he found himself so unexpectedly beneath the roof of Amy's parents. Amy saw in a moment that all was over between them forever. He was restless and uneasy. He eyed the door with furtive glances. It was plain that he feared he had rendered himself amenable to law, and expected a descent of its officials. He ignored all tender relation with Miss Hobart. As for a clandestine appointment, he could not be made to understand to what the gentleman alluded.

And this was the man for whom, but the day before, she had been willing to sacrifice all! How noble her little commonplace father looked beside him.

When he was gone, good Mr. Hobart rubbed his hands, with a sigh of relief.

"Come, Betsy," said he, "we'll get home now. We've kept this farce up long enough, and you shall never do another stitch of work as long as you live. It wouldn't have been such fun to wash and cook even for Signor what's his name, eh, daughter?"

And the old gentleman pinched his daughter's cheek and chuckled, whereupon Amy burst into tears. Shortly after the three proceeded to their old home, where they lived together until Amy left it for a happy one of her own. Though her young romance was bitterly blighted, it is to be presumed that she did not sorrow long, for even the foolish heathen forsake their idols when the gilding is rubbed away.

### "I CAN'T!"

BY WALTER KIEFFER.

A homely expression, and old as the hills,
Is this dangerous phrase, "I can't!"
But if you'd surmount life's troublesome ills,
Against it your energies plant:
It belongs to the pauper—'tis right that it should;
From his youth he has nursed it with care;
Never saying, "I will," or "I can," as he could—
Never having the spirit to dare!

With truth in your heart, and a will of your own,
Making sure that you're *right* in your aim,
There is little on earth that you can't overcome,
Even reaching the summit of Fame.
Apart from such hope, what bliss in the thought
That you've *tried* to be true to yourself;
And the lessons thus learned are too heavily fraught
With good, to be purchased with pelf!

* * *

# A DARING GAME;

OR,

# Neva's Three Lovers.

By MRS. HARRIET LEWIS,

AUTHOR OF "THE HAMPTON MYSTERY," "THE BAILIFF'S SCHEME," "THE LADY OF KILDARE," "THE OLD LIFE'S SHADOWS," ETC., ETC., ETC.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

### LALLY'S NEW EXISTENCE.

After their triumphant departure from Sandy Lands, and from the presence of the utterly discomfited Mr. and Mrs. Blight, Mrs. Wroat, accompanied by Lally, and attended by the faithful Peters, proceeded without molestation to the Canterbury railway station. The up express was due in some ten minutes, and Mrs. Peters found opportunity to send a telegraphic message to Mrs. Wroat's housekeeper in town, announcing the immediate return of her mistress with a young lady guest, and ordering that suitable preparations be made for their reception.

This duty had scarcely been fulfilled, when the train came puffing into the station, and the party took their seats in a first-class coach, securing a compartment to themselves. On alighting at the London station Peters procured a cab.

"This is my last journey, Peters," sighed Mrs. Wroat, leaning back her head, as the cab rolled out of the station and into the streets. "My travelling days end here!"

"So you always say, ma'am," said Peters cheerfully. "But you've no call to travel any more. You've found what you've been searching for so long," and she glanced at Lally. "You should stay at home now and take comfort."

"The end is near!" sighed the old lady—"very near!"

Peters and Lally looked at the old lady with a sudden keenness of vision. Her hooked nose and pointed chin seemed sharper than usual. Her black eyes were more piercing and lustrous than was their wont; her features were pinched; and over all her face was spread an ominous gray pallor that told to the experienced eyes of Peters that the diseased heart was not properly performing its functions.

Peters turned and looked from the window with tears in her eyes. Her heart echoed those sad words: "The end is near!"

In due time the cab came to a halt in Mount street, Grosvenor Square, before the stately and somewhat old-fashioned mansion which had been the home of Mrs. Wroat for more than half a century. It was a double house, with parlors on either side of a wide hall, and was built of brick with stone copings and lintels, and possessed a pretentious flight of steps guarded by stone lions, and a great oriel window projecting from the drawing-room.

The front door of this house opened as the cab drew up, and a footman and a boy came down the steps and assisted their aged mistress to alight and enter the house. Lally and Peters came after, and Mrs. Wroat was taken to her own room, one of the rear parlors on the first floor, which she had appropriated twenty years before as her bed-chamber.

Out of doors the September air was mild, but in this room of Mrs. Wroat a sea-coal fire was burning in the grate, and its genial heat in that great house was not unpleasant. A crimson carpet covered the floor; crimson damask curtains half draped the wide windows that looked out upon a small square garden; and crimson-hued easy chairs and couches were scattered about the room in profusion.

Mrs. Wroat sank down upon one of the couches, and Peters bent over her, removing her huge scuttle-shaped bonnet and her Indian shawl. The footman and the boy were bringing in the luggage. Lally stood apart, not knowing what to do, when the housekeeper, an elderly, plain-featured Scottish woman, appeared. Mrs. Wroat beckoned the woman to come nearer to her.

"Mrs. Dougal," she said, in a clear, loud voice, and looking affectionately at the slender, black-robed figure of Lally, "I have brought home with me my great-niece, Miss Lalla Bird, who is also my adopted daughter and heiress. I desire you to consider her as your future mistress."

Mrs. Dougal bowed low to the young lady, and Mrs. Wroat continued:

"Let the best room in the house be prepared for her use, Mrs. Dougal—the amber room. Ah, it is ready? Show Miss Bird to it then, and see that her trunk is sent up to her. And have luncheon ready for us in half an hour, or less, Mrs. Dougal. We are nearly famished."

The housekeeper again bowed, and conducted Lally into the hall and up the broad stairs to a front chamber, one of the state apartments of the house. Here, soon after, she left the young girl to renovate her toilet, going again to her aged mistress.

"This is a wonderful change for me!" murmured Lally. "I must be dreaming. So lately I slept in a barn with tramps and thieves, glad of even that shelter, and now I am housed in a palace. I am afraid I shall wake up presently to find myself in the barn. Ah, I never even dreamed of such magnificence!"

She examined her surroundings with the delighted curiosity of a child. There was a fire behind the silvered bars of the low, wide grate, and its red gleams streamed out over the rich blue velvet carpet with its bordering of amber arabesques on a blue ground, and one long red spike of dancing light fell upon the amber silk curtains of the low canopied bedstead. The square pillows were covered with the daintiest of linen, frilled with real lace. The coverlet was of amber satin, embroidered with a great medallion in blue silk. The curtains were of amber satin, with blue fringe, over white lace drapery, and the couches and chairs were upholstered in amber relieved with blue.

Lally observed two doors at one side of the room, and crossing the floor softly, she opened them successively. The first door opened upon a large and handsomely fitted bath-room, with marble basin and marble floor, half covered by a Turkish rug. The other door opened into a beautiful little dressing-room, furnished to match the bed-chamber. A massive armoire of carved ebony, with doors formed of plate-glass mirrors, completely covered one side of the wall, and a long swing mirror, framed in ebony, stood opposite. A gasolier depended from the middle of the ornate ceiling, and in three of the globes a mellow light was burning.

"It is like fairy-land!" thought the girl. "All this for me—for me! I can hardly believe it."

There were ivory-handled brushes on the low dressing bureau, and Lally handled them carefully, almost afraid to use them. Her poor garments seemed out of place in these beautiful rooms, but she had no better dress, and with a smothered sigh she bathed her face and hands in the bath-room, and brushed her hair and dress in the dressing-room. She tied anew the bow in her hair and her black sash, and her toilet was complete. She gave a last look to her new quarters, and hastened down stairs to the chamber of her benefactress.

She found Mrs. Wroat comfortably ensconced in an easy-chair by her fire. The parrot's cage swung by a stout silver chain from the ceiling; the ugly little dog lay dozing upon a cushion at one corner of the fender; and a general atmosphere of delicious warmth and coziness prevailed.

"Come here, my dear, and kiss me," said Mrs. Wroat, not looking around, but recognizing Lally's step.

The girl obeyed, and sat down upon a stool at the old lady's feet. Mrs. Wroat smiled upon her and talked to her, and when Peters came in, announcing that luncheon waited, Lally and her great-aunt were in the midst of a confidential talk, and their friendship had already deepened into a mutual affection.

Luncheon was served in the dining-room, across the hall from Mrs. Wroat's chamber. The windows of the dining-room opened into a small conservatory overlooking the garden, and the room itself, lofty and handsome, seemed to Lally the realization of one of her long-ago girlish dreams. Mrs. Wroat sat at one end of the oval table, Peters at the other, and Lally took a place at one side. The footman waited at table, but was soon dismissed, and the three were left to themselves and the enjoyment of the dainties plentifully displayed before them.

After the luncheon, Peters assisted her aged mistress back to her own room, Lally lending an arm to the support of the old lady.

"Ring the bell, Peters," said Mrs. Wroat, as she again ensconced herself in her favorite chair. "But stay! Bring me my little desk. I want to write a note."

Peters brought a portable malachite writing-desk, and placed it upon a table before her mistress. Mrs. Wroat, with an unsteady hand, penned a brief note to her lawyer, demanding his immediate attendance upon her, upon a matter of the utmost moment.

"Read it, Peters," she said, when she had appended her name and the date. "It must be sent immediately. I feel, somehow, as if I had no time to waste. Let the footman take the letter to Mr. Harris and wait for an answer."

Peters read and sealed the missive, removed the desk, and went out upon her errand.

Some two hours later, Mr. Harris, Mrs. Wroat's lawyer, arrived and was shown into the old lady's presence. He was an old man, sharp-witted, business-like, and reticent, but honest, kindly, and devoted to the interests of his client, whose personal friend he had been for over a third of a century.

Mrs. Wroat welcomed him with outstretched hands, and exclaimed:

"My friend, I have a surprise for you. You have sought, at my request, for my great-niece, Lally Bird, and failed to find her, even with a detective officer to assist you. I am neither lawyer nor detective, but I am more clever than you both. *I* have found my niece, and here she is. Lally, come nearer. Mr. Harris, this is Lally Bird, the daughter of my niece Clara Percy."

Lally bowed. Mr. Harris stared at the girl in surprise.

"I beg your pardon, Mrs. Wroat," he exclaimed, "but your great-niece, Lally Bird, is dead. Our detective discovered the facts some weeks ago, but I feared to communicate them in your present state of health. I cannot, however, permit you to be imposed upon by a possible adventuress. Miss Lally Bird committed suicide last July. She sprang from London Bridge, and struck upon a passing boat, killing her instantly. I have a newspaper in my pocket—"

"Never mind your paper," interrupted Mrs. Wroat vivaciously. "Look at the girl. Has she not my black eyes? Can you not remember when I had hair like hers, and that dear olive skin? You are too suspicious, my friend. Where do you suppose I found her? Why, down at Blight's, at Canterbury. She was governess to the Blight children. Now sit down, and I'll tell you the whole story. Stay, I am tired, and Lally will tell it. Question her, and be convinced of the truth of my assertions. Sit down, Lally, dear, and tell Mr. Harris all about yourself."

Lally sat down near her great-aunt. She was a little frightened under the searching gaze of the lawyer, but her clear, honest eyes met his unflinchingly, and he read in the sad and innocent face how deeply he had wronged her in deeming her a "possible adventuress." He asked her a few questions in a quiet, careless manner, referring to a note-book which he produced, and then his professional spirit stirring itself, he cross-questioned her as if she had been a witness in court whose evidence he was trying to shake, and upon whose impeachment the success of his cause depended.

He asked her her name, age, and date of her birth, and applied the same questions in regard to each of her deceased parents. He demanded where she had been educated, how she had maintained herself after her father's death, and finally said, in a tone that betrayed how important the question and its answer was to the establishment of the girl's claims:

"I have discovered, Miss Bird—assuming that you are Miss Bird—that you left your situation as music-teacher, or, to be more exact, that the school in which you were engaged closed, and you were thrown out of a situation, in the spring of this year. Where did you spend the months that passed between last May and this present month of September? And how, I may as well ask here, did your handkerchief happen to be found upon the water at the precise moment when that poor girl who was drowned, and who was supposed to be Lally Bird, was picked up?"

Lally blushed and paled, and looked appealingly at Mrs. Wroat. The old lady stroked the girl's black hair softly, and said:

"Mr. Harris, you have touched upon a point of which I, as well as my niece, would have preferred not to speak. But you are my personal friend, and the confidence will be safe with you. Lally, tell Mr. Harris your story."

Thus adjured, Lally, with much embarrassment, told her story with a quiet truthfulness that carried conviction to the mind of the lawyer; after which, at a sign from Mrs. Wroat, Lally withdrew with the maid, who soon returned alone.

"Now," said the old lady briskly, "I want to come to business. Mr. Harris, I desire to make my will. Have you the necessary form with you? I want a will as strong as a will can be made, for the Blights may choose to question its validity, on the ground that I am infirm, or something of the sort. Peters, wheel up the writing-table."

The maid obeyed. Mr. Harris drew from his pocket a large note-case, from which he extracted a document, which he silently handed to his aged client.

"Ah," she said, "it is my will, which I requested you, months ago, to draw up, without date or names, ready for signature when I should be ready to sign it. It begins by declaring that I am of sound mind—ah, yes, that is all right. The property is enumerated, and the legacy to Peters is down. I must have the annuity to her, to be paid out of the estate, doubled."

She read the document carefully and slowly, weighing every word and sentence. When she had finished, she gave it back into her lawyer's hands, saying:

"Write in the name of the legatee, Mr. Harris. 'I give and bequeath all my real estate, bank-stock, consols and personal property to my great-niece Lalla Bird.' Make it plain and strong, so that no one but Lally can get my money. I want the property settled upon her. She may marry some day, if her first marriage was no marriage at all. I'll discuss that first marriage with you at some future time, for I want to know whether the child is bound or not. But no husband must have power to squander Lally's money."

Mr. Harris did as he was directed, making out the will to the perfect satisfaction of Mrs. Wroat. Peters, at the command of her mistress, called up the household, and in the presence of the housekeeper, the house-maid, the cook and the footman, Mrs. Wroat signed the will. The domestics appended their signatures as witnesses, and were then dismissed; Lally was called back to her great-aunt, and soon after the lawyer took his leave.

The next day Mrs. Wroat was so much better that she insisted on going out with her young relative upon a shopping excursion. She presented Lally with a silver portmonnaie, filled with bank-notes, and early in the day Mrs. Wroat, Lally and Peters went out in the ancient family carriage, visiting the most celebrated shops in the West End. The old lady did not permit Lally to expend the money she had given her, but bought, and paid for from her own plethoric pocket-book, a magnificent Indian shawl, jewels, rich and costly laces, a set of Russian sables, a dressing case with gold fittings, odor cases, a jewel case, and a host of costly luxuries of which Lally knew neither the uses nor the names.

"Why do you buy an Indian shawl for so young a lady, ma'am?" whispered Peters, in surprise. "And why buy those costly furs in September?"

"I sha'n't be here when the cold weather comes, Peters," answered Mrs. Wroat, in a low voice. "And though I have Indian shawls which she will inherit, I want to buy her one for her own self. She will keep it always, because I bought it for her."

Lally, as may be supposed, was grateful for her aunt's kindnesses; she was more than grateful. But in the midst of her pleasure, a pang shot to her heart. She noticed that although this aged relative bought her an abundance of all standard articles, and toilet appurtenances and dainty personal belongings, she bought but few dresses—a token that she expected Lally soon to put on a mourning garb.

After a visit to a ladies' outfitter, where Mrs. Wroat purchased for Lally a trousseau fit for a wealthy bride, they returned to Mount street, and to dinner.

The next fortnight passed swiftly both to Lally and her great-aunt. The health of the latter seemed to improve, and Lally and Peters entertained high hopes that their kind friend and benefactress would live many years. The old lady's physician contracted the habit of calling in daily, but even Mrs. Wroat smiled at his anxiety, and accused him of desiring to increase his fees at her expense without just cause.

These two weeks sufficed to knit the souls of Lally and her aged relative together in a bond which time alone could sever. They grew to entertain a mutual love, which would be to the survivor a sweet and tender memory while life should endure. Lally's experiences had been very bitter, and she had thought she should never smile again, yet in her aunt's society she felt a great degree of actual happiness, and waited upon her, and tended her, with the care and love of a daughter. She played and sang to her; she read to her; she listened with keen interest to the old lady's tales of her youth; and soon Mrs. Wroat was heard to wonder many times each day how she had so long existed without her bright young niece; and Peters grew to love Lally with a protecting tenderness.

During this fortnight, which passed so happily in the great old mansion in Mount street, Mr. Harris had traced out Lally's history step by step from the hour of her birth until the present moment, not that he doubted her, but that he desired to be supplied with irrefragable proofs of her identity, should the need arise for them.

The lapse of the fortnight indicated brought the time to October. One evening, when the night was wild without, Mrs. Wroat, Lally and Peters sat late in the parlor adjoining the bedroom of the former. Lally played and sang a grand old anthem, while the old lady's crooked chin was bent forward upon her gold-headed staff, and her bright black eyes filled with tears. Then followed some old-time hymns, such as the Covenanters sang in the lonely Scottish wilds, in their hours of stolen, secret worship. When the sweet voice had died away, and the strains of music melted into silence, the old lady called Lally to her. The girl came, and seeing the unwonted emotion of her aged relative, knelt before her and caressed her hand softly. The withered yellow hands were upraised tremblingly, and dropped upon the girl's dusky head.

"God bless you, even as I bless you, my darling," said Mrs. Wroat, with a great yearning over the young creature. "Poor orphaned child! You have blessed my last days; may your life be blessed. Peters, when I am gone, stay with Lally. Be everything to her—maid, attendant, nurse, mother—all that you have been to me."

"I will—I will!" said Peters, as if registering a vow.

"And now, my darling, good-night," said Mrs. Wroat softly. "Kiss me, Lally! Again! Again! Good-night."

The girl enfolded the withered form in her arms, and kissed the old lady a hundred times with passionate fervor, and then, sobbing, went up to her own room.

Peters put her mistress to bed. The old lady seemed as well, or better than usual, but there was something unusual in her manner, and Peters sat up to watch by her.

"If she wakes, she'll find old Peters by her side," the woman said to herself. "How sweet she sleeps!"

Toward morning the maid dozed. Just at dawn she awakened with a great start, and a sudden chill. She sprang up and leaned over the recumbent figure of her mistress. How pale the thin, sharp features were! One long lock of gray hair lay on the withered cheek; the bony hands were clasped upon the bosom; the hooked nose and the crooked chin almost met, but upon the shrivelled mouth was a smile far more sweet and lovely than any that had played upon those lips in the old lady's far-past youth—a smile such as angels wear!

Peters thrust her hand upon the sleeper's heart. It was silent. The heart, clogged or hampered by disease, had ceased to work hours before; all the machinery of life had stopped; and Mrs. Wroat had wakened from her sleep in another world! Lally's generous and noble friend and protector was dead!

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

### A SURPRISE FOR MISS WYNDE.

Miss Neva Wynde, on finding herself confronted by Artress at the very door of Mr. Black's wild Highland retreat, comprehended in one swift flash that she had been betrayed by her enemies, and caught in a snare, as we have said—that, in short, she was virtually their prisoner.

But after her first wild start of amazement, after the first wild glance at her enemies, she sternly repressed all signs of terror or surprise, and although her pure, proud face was paler than usual, yet she did not otherwise betray her fears.

"Mrs. Artress here!" she said. "This is a surprise. You said, Mrs. Black, that she was staying with friends in London, did you not?"

An evil smile played about the full, sensual lips of Octavia Black, and she looked at Neva keenly as she answered, with affected carelessness:

"I did say so, I believe. But I intended to surprise you. You are so fond of Mrs. Artress, Neva, that I wished her to be of our party. I am glad you are so pleased."

Neva did not reply, but she drew up her slight figure with a sudden haughtiness, and her pale, proud face wore an expression of sternness before which Mrs. Black ought to have quailed. But Octavia only laughed, and as Neva thought, mockingly.

"Come into the drawing-room, good people," cried Mrs. Artress. "I have made the house habitable, and I want you to compliment me upon my handiwork."

Mrs. Black went into the room, and Neva followed her, Craven Black coming last like a body-guard. Neva had an uncomfortable feeling that she was already a prisoner.

The drawing-room at the Wilderness was a long barrack-like apartment, with bare white walls, upon which were hung a few engravings. The furniture was old, but well kept, being a combination of mahogany and black haircloth. The six windows were curtained with faded damask of the color of mahogany, and an old bookcase, containing a few old and worn volumes, completed the list of furniture.

"It's a perfect old barrack, Craven!" said Mrs. Black, with a shudder. "But I suppose it must be fearfully difficult to get furniture and such things up the cliff. However, if we make a shooting box of this place, decent furniture and pictures and things have got to be brought here. This room is like a draughty old barn."

"So is the whole house," said Mrs. Artress. "But the place is so delightfully romantic, and secluded and hidden, you know, that one can put up with drawbacks. I have had my hands full, I assure you, since I arrived here. How do you like the Wilderness, Miss Wynde?"

"It is romantic and secluded, as you say, Mrs. Artress," answered Neva quietly, yet with a shade of hauteur. "Have you been here long?"

"I came direct from Hawkhurst, stopping only a day in London," said Mrs. Artress. "I came by rail to Inverness, and there I chartered a fishing smack and loaded her with provisions and furniture, and bed and table-linen, and whatever else I fancied we were likely to need during our stay here. I had visited the Wilderness once when I was a girl, and knew about what we should require. I came on, sent away the sloop, and put the house in order. I have two women servants in the house, of the stolidest possible description. You will find it next to impossible to make them comprehend your soft southern tongue, Miss Wynde."

Neva wondered if the last sentence contained a hidden meaning.

"It is September at Hawkhurst," continued Mrs. Artress, with a shiver, "but here one might swear it was January, the mountain air is so cold. Will you go up to your rooms?"

"Yes," responded Mrs. Black. "When do we dine?"

Mrs. Artress consulted a tiny jewelled watch, one of her recent acquisitions.

"In half an hour," she said. "You won't have time to dress. I'll send one of the servants down the cliff to guide up the sailors with the luggage. But first I will show you to your rooms."

She passed out into the hall, her train sweeping the floor with silken rustle. Mrs. Black linked her arm in Neva's, but the young girl quietly withdrew her person from her enemy's touch, and walked apart proudly, and with a shade of defiance. Thus they passed up the wooden stairs, Craven Black bringing up the rear.

The upper part of the house was very simply arranged, there being a central hall, with chambers opening off it on either side. At the rear end of the hall was a door opening upon a flight of steps, beyond which lay the passage from which the servants' rooms opened, and from which the servants' staircase led down to the kitchen.

"The room at the left is yours, Octavia," said Mrs. Artress. "You will find two dressing-rooms attached, such as they are. The chamber just opposite, here upon the right, is Miss Wynde's. Permit me to show you into your room, Miss Neva."

She opened a door upon her right, and ushered Neva into a long ante-room, furnished as a bed-chamber. Beyond this ante-room, the door open between them, was a large square bedroom, where candles were burning in battered silver sconces.

"This ante-room was intended for the use of your maid," remarked Mrs. Artress, "but as you did not bring your maid, and as Celeste is to attend upon you as well as upon Octavia and me, she may as well occupy your ante-room. In fact, we are so cramped for habitable quarters, that I have been compelled to assign it to her. How do you like your room?"

It was decently furnished, with a new carpet, curtains, and green roller blinds. There was a wood fire on the broad, old-fashioned hearth. A high-post bedstead, a modern armed chair and a low chintz-covered couch were especially noticeable.

"You have a dressing-room beyond, Miss Wynde," said Mrs. Artress, as Neva did not answer, pointing out a large light closet adjoining the bedroom. "This is a dear, delightful, out-of-the-world place, is it not?"

Neva deliberately looked into the closet, and surveyed the walls.

"I see no outlet from this room except through the ante-room," she said abruptly.

"There is none. Those queer old-fashioned architects were very outlandish in their ideas; but then an ante-room is convenient, my dear—"

Neva checked Mrs. Artress' familiarity by a haughty gesture. She had not liked the woman when Mrs. Artress had been Lady Wynde's silent and unobtrusive gray companion, and she liked her still less now that she had bloomed into a devotee of fashion, and was obtrusively and offensively familiar and patronizing.

"It strikes me, Mrs. Artress," she said quietly, "that the marriage of Lady Wynde to Mr. Black has completely transformed you. You do not seem like the same person."

"And I am not," declared Mrs. Artress. "There is no use in keeping the secret any longer, Miss Wynde. The whole world may know that I am the cousin of Craven Black, and being his cousin, of course I am his wife's equal. I am going into society with Mrs. Craven Black during the approaching season, and it is quite possible that I may make as brilliant a marriage as Octavia Hathaway did when she married Sir Harold Wynde."

Neva started, those careless words bringing to her awakening mind a crowd of new and strange suspicions. She remembered that Mrs. Artress had been in Octavia Hathaway's employ before the marriage of the latter with Sir Harold. And Mrs. Artress was Craven Black's cousin! Perhaps it was through Mrs. Artress, and after the death of Sir Harold Wynde in India, that Craven Black and Lady Wynde had become acquainted? And perhaps Craven Black had known Octavia Hathaway before her marriage to Sir Harold Wynde?

The thought—the doubt—was torture to her.

"I had not suspected your relationship to Mr. Black," she said coldly; "but I saw, upon the very morning after Mrs. Black's marriage, that your relations to her had changed."

She longed to ask, directly or indirectly, how long Octavia had known Craven Black, but her pride would not permit her to put the question. She turned haughtily away from Mrs. Artress, signifying by her manner that she desired to be alone.

The woman's face reddened, and she turned away with scarcely smothered anger.

"There is no bell in the room, Miss Wynde," she said, halting an instant at the door; "but you will hear the dinner bell, even in here. There will be a servant in the hall to show you down to the dining-room."

She went out, closing the door behind her. Neva's first act, on being left alone, was to examine the two windows under their roller blinds and chintz curtains. The windows were of the quaint, old-fashioned sort, with tiny diamond panes set in heavy divisions of lead. The windows were casements, opening like doors, upon hinges, but the lock and fastening were intricate, and had they not been, it would have been difficult to open the windows, owing to the presence of the inside blinds and curtains.

And even while Neva was tugging with all her strength at the cumbrous fastenings, she heard the savage baying of dogs as they chased across the grounds below, and knew that, whether intentionally or otherwise, her escape by her windows, should she ever desire to escape in that manner, would be utterly impracticable.

She retreated from the window and sat down for a few moments by her fire, thinking.

"It will not do to show suspicion," she decided at length. "Perhaps I am alarmed without cause? Why can my father's wife, whom my father so loved, desire to harm me? Is she determined upon my marriage to Rufus Black? How will such a marriage benefit her? I acquit Rufus of any share in the conspiracy. They dared not bring him with them to this place. He would not permit this oppression and wickedness. Can it be that my fortune tempts Craven Black and his wife to force me into a marriage that is repugnant to me, and that they count upon the weak nature of Rufus, and that when they get me securely wedded to Rufus, they will seize upon my income and divert it to their own use?"

She could not rid herself of this idea, which, as the reader is aware, approached so nearly to the truth.

"I know that I am in the midst of enemies," she said to herself energetically. "There is no use in shutting my eyes to the truth. The whole truth has come upon me to-night like a revelation. I must be on my guard, brave and watchful. I must seem unsuspicious, to throw my enemies off their guard. How strange it seems that I, who hate no one, have enemies!"

She arose, not daring to give way further to the suspicions and anxieties crowding upon her, and brushed her brown cloth travelling suit and her red-brown hair, and washed her face and hands. A fresh collar and cuffs were found in her dressing bag, and she had hardly put them on when the loud clangor of a bell in the lower hall announced that dinner was ready.

She went through the ante-room into the hall, and found Celeste, the French maid, waiting to show her down to the dining-room.

"One moment," said Neva in French, slipping a gold coin into the woman's hand. "How far is the nearest post-office, Celeste?"

"Fifteen miles across the mountains and lochs, Miss," answered the woman, pocketing the coin, with a courtesy. "There is a village, or hamlet, fifteen miles from here, but it's a day's journey nearly to reach it. It's over twenty miles to Inverness, and that is a half day by water, with a favorable wind, but Inverness is the family post-office, Miss."

Neva's heart sank.

"Could I send a letter to Inverness, do you think?" she inquired.

"O yes, Miss. The sailors can go in the sloop. Mr. Black will send them at your bidding, Miss."

"I prefer a quicker mode," said Neva, feeling not at all confident that Mr. Black would accede to such a request from her. "I desire to write to an old friend of my father, one of the guardians of my estate—Sir John Freise. Is there no hanger-on about this place who would go secretly and swiftly to Inverness for me? If you can find such a person, I will give him five pounds, and also give you five pounds, Celeste," she added, carefully concealing her anxiety.

"I will do it, Miss," exclaimed Celeste enthusiastically. "There is a young man hanging about the kitchen, a relative of the old cook. I will send him. Write your letter to-night, Miss Wynde, and I will send it immediately."

Neva expressed her satisfaction at this arrangement, and descended the stairs to the lower hall, not seeing the singular gleam in the French woman's eyes, nor the treacherous smile on the French woman's countenance. Celeste guided her to the dining-room, a large, long, low room, where Mr. and Mrs. Craven Black and Artress were already gathered. The three greeted Neva courteously, and Craven Black came forward to meet her, and conducted her to her seat at the table.

The dinner consisted of broiled birds upon toast, vegetables, coffee, crystalized fruits, fresh grapes and other delicacies, some of which had been brought up from the yacht. Neva was silent during the meal, and very thoughtful during the subsequent hour she passed with her enemies in the drawing-room. At a very early hour she retired to her own room.

Her luggage had been brought up, and stood unstrapped in her chamber. Neva closed her door, and discovered that there was no key in the lock. She pushed one of her heavy trunks against the door to guard against surprise, and unlocked another trunk, taking out from the tray a dispatch box, upon which she proceeded to write a letter to Sir John Freise.

This was no sooner begun than it was torn up.

"Sir John is too old to be distressed about me," she thought. "I will write to Arthur, who must be very anxious at not hearing from me. He can consult with Mr. Atkins and Sir John about me if he chooses, or come for me, as he thinks proper."

She wrote a long letter to her lover, recounting her suspicions of Craven Black and his wife, and declaring that, while she was not locked in her room at the Wilderness, she nevertheless felt herself a prisoner. She entreated her lover to come to her, but not to come alone. She desired him to bring with him either Sir John or Mr. Atkins, whose support of Lord Towyn's claims to take her home might be necessary. She declared that she was afraid, and that she should count the days until his coming.

Neva sealed and addressed this letter to Lord Towyn, and then, stamping it, stole softly out into the ante-room. Celeste sat there sewing a frill upon one of her mistress' robes by the light of candles, but she arose at Neva's entrance.

"Celeste," said the young girl, in a whisper, "here is my letter. And here are five pounds for the boy, and five pounds for you," and she took out two crisp Bank of England notes from her well-filled pocket-book. "When I receive the answer to this letter which I expect, I will give you as much more. You must be very secret, and let no one see you. Have you spoken to the boy?"

"Yes, Miss, and he has got a rough Highland pony, and he says he'll start for Inverness immediately."

With a feeling of relief, Neva placed the two bank-notes and the money in the hands of the French woman.

"Go," she whispered. "And remember, let no one suspect your errand."

The French woman assented, and putting the money and the letter in her pocket, hurried away.

"I am forced to trust her, having no one else to trust," said Neva to herself, after a few minutes of reflection. "Surely she would not take my money and deliberately betray me? She must know my position, but she cannot be sure that I know it. The money must tempt her to be true to me. But will the boy be true? I must see him—I will see him!"

She acted upon the impulse, going out into the hall, and softly descending the stairs. Here she paused, uncertain whether to seek the youth in the kitchen, or out at the stable. He was more likely to be at the latter place, and she flitted along the hall, pausing abruptly as a burst of laughter came from the drawing-room, the door of which was ajar.

She had halted at a point which commanded a view of the interior of the drawing-room, and involuntarily she looked in.

The sight she beheld absolutely transfixed her for the moment.

She beheld Craven Black seated at the centre-table, under a swinging lamp whose light fell full upon him. His wife was looking over his shoulder. Mrs. Artress and the treacherous French woman stood at a little distance, looking also at Mr. Black. And he—and he—Neva could scarcely believe the evidence of her senses—he was reading her letter which she had written to her lover, and he twirled his waxed mustaches and uttered little mocking sneers as some especially tender passage came under his vision.

"By Jove, she's sweet on Lord Towyn!" he muttered, with bitter envy and jealousy, his brows darkening. "But to go on. 'Oh, my own Arthur—'"

With the spring of a leopardess, with her soul on fire, with her wild eyes flaming, with a cry of awful indignation on her lips, Neva bounded into the room, snatched the letter from the hands of Craven Black, and retreated a few steps, clutching it to her bosom, and glaring around her like some fierce wild creature turned at bay!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

* * *

—As the sun appears largest when he is about to set, so does the proud man swell most magnificently just before his fall.

### KEEP THEM YOUNG.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

Oh, keep the little ones young, my dear,
Don't let them grow old too fast;
For short is the season of youth, my dear,
And soon are its pleasures past.
Oh, speak to them ever in love, my dear,
And smile at their childish ways;
For we have been young ourselves, my dear,
And we 've had our foolish days.

That dear little fellow, so full of pranks,
Will soon be a man, you know;
And if he is set in a kindly soil,
In goodness and strength he 'll grow.
Have patience, my dear, with his tricksome ways,
And don't throw a cloud on his joy;
For you know there are many years for the man,
But precious few for the boy!

And that sweet little girl!—have a care, my dear,
That you turn not the vine astray,
That will blossom and cheer us all our lives,
If we train it in wisdom's way.
The children grow out of our clinging arms;
But the lullabies we have sung
Will ring in their ears when our lips are cold,
And keep their hearts fresh and young.

Oh, keep the little ones young, my dear,
Don't let them grow old too fast;
For short is the season of youth, my dear,
And soon are its pleasures past.
Don't hurry them into the care and strife,
And out of the dear home nest;
But let them be children as long as they can,
For the time is not long at the best.

## SPECIAL PLEADING.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

People never seemed better suited to each other than did Helen Reese and Harry Hawthorne. Both handsome; five years difference between them on the proper side. He with a good income, she with a nice little pin-money. Surely nothing could be better. So they were married, and went upon their honeymoon trip; returned, and began to keep house, still thoroughly satisfied with each other.

In a year or two, there came a little baby—a frail, dainty thing, as pretty as a waxen doll.

How they worshipped it! What plans they made for it! That wonderful boy, who was to do such great things in the world, if all went as they proposed.

Alas for human hopes! One night there was running to and fro, and tears and anxiety. Baby had the croup. The doctor came, but his coming was useless. Before dawn broke the child died. He lay next day in his little coffin, with white tuberoses in his hands—a little waxen thing that smiled no longer upon them, and scarcely seemed to be their child.

After he was buried, it was a very sad home, and no other children came to take his place; if they had, matters would have arranged themselves differently. But the woman who has no children is generally full of fancies that do not trouble happier women. To cheer his wife, Mr. Hawthorne urged her to go out a little for change of scene. Plays were too lively for one in mourning, and a concert seemed even too gay; but she consented to go to some lectures, and when Mrs. Absinthe lectured on Woman's Wrongs, she heard the whole course.

They opened new ideas to her, and after some more investigation of the matter, and a visit to a female suffrage club, Mrs. Hawthorne made up her mind that man was a tyrant, and that woman was his slave, upon which she began to be stern to man in general, and to declare household duties degrading.

Had Mr. Hawthorne been wise, he would have laughed and held his peace; but instead, he argued. Two men may argue pleasantly; two women seldom do. Man and woman, especially man and wife, never. Instead of coming home to be rested—and heaven knows a man in business needs a place of rest—he found himself attacked with weak logic over his tea-cups, and bored with impromptu lectures at breakfast time. Heathenish ideas crept into poor Mrs. Hawthorne's mind, and she put away the Bible and hymn-books. Superior notions possessed her, and instead of sewing while he read, or talked with her, she wrote, and begged him "not to make a noise."

Of all terrible bores a literary person may become the most so. Scribble, scribble, scribble, when one longs for a chat. Awful silence desired, because of an unhatched idea, just when people want to sing and play. A writer who is professional, and earns bread and butter by it, ought to be ashamed of himself or herself if he or she cannot find a nook where pens and ink need be in no one's way, and where manuscripts are quite invisible—who *will* read productions aloud before they go to press, whether people desire to hear them or not. And Mrs. Hawthorne, who was merely the weakest amateur, was always doing the authoress visibly and audibly.

Poor Mr. Hawthorne came home after selling woolen goods at wholesale, with a great desire for a nice, cozy time. He was not at all a literary man; he "couldn't see the sense of Byron," and wondered what people liked in Dickens. His criticism on Hamlet, which he had once seen, was, that it was "very nice." And though he was "as smart as a steel-trap" when it came to making a sale, and a good-humored fellow, who knew what went on about him and showed it, he had suffered a good deal since his Helen had been taken literary; and, moreover, having consulted Colonel Bobkins, who was a friend of his, and a very old and experienced man, having had four wives—two dead, one divorced, the third still living—

"Don't let her get the bit in her teeth, or she 'll run away with you," said the Colonel. "Assert your authority. Nice little woman, but led away by these new ideas. No harm in writing, if it 's a bit of verse to a canary or somebody's baby, or that sort of thing, but if she comes to essays on woman's wrongs, you know, stop it—*at once.*"

So poor Mr. Hawthorne essayed to stop it. Easier said than done.

"You also are a tyrant, and one of the worst I ever met," said Helen. "Ah, how much happier is a single woman! Why did I marry?"

That evening Mr. Hawthorne did not go home to dinner. He took his dinner at a restaurant, and called afterward on an old acquaintance of his, a Mrs. Tomlinson. She was one of those females who are always quite accessible to any flirtations masculine. She gloried in being uncongenially mated. She was lonely; she needed a friend. She poured her sorrows into the bosoms of those friends—*always* gentlemen—and so was invited to the opera, and took ice cream with them, poor soul! and allowed herself to be comforted by some kisses and hand-squeezing. Congenial or not, she had angled for Mr. Tomlinson and his money with great persistency in past days. And now that she had his money she left him pretty well to himself. He had grown used to it, and when he came home from the club, never asked whether Laura was in or not. She was sure to want money soon, and then she would look him up. Wicked, uncongenial old fellow!

Laura was delighted to see Mr. Hawthorne, and they went to the opera, and enjoyed it very much. She told Mr. Hawthorne that "he did not know what it was to be lonely." And he, thinking of Helen with her back to him and her paper before her, said "he rather reckoned he did."

After this evening Helen had rather more leisure to write essays, and to attend lectures in company with a lady friend of sympathetic proclivities and an old gentleman who was "a friend of the cause," and appeared to have a sort of Platonic affinity for the ladies generally.

That was the beginning. At last came the end. Helen desired to lecture; her husband declared she should not.

She heard of Laura, and as no woman is ever deep enough in any "ism" to escape jealousy, grew jealous accordingly.

There was a night of storm, a day of brooding. Then she said to him:

"You are cruel and unfaithful to me. I hate you."

He said to her:

"You are wrapped up in ridiculous ideas. You run about to lectures with an old scallawag—"

"A what?" asked Helen.

"An old idiot and loafer," said Mr. Hawthorne. "You forget your duties as a wife. As for me, I 'm true enough to you; but I admit that Laura is a more agreeable woman than you have become."

"Elective affinities decide themselves," said Helen. "It is well."

"Elective fiddlesticks!" cried her husband. "I 'm sick of big words with no meaning to them, and of the cant of your confounded cause."

"And I am sick of tyranny and old superstitions," said Helen. "We should never have tied ourselves together."

"Never," said the husband; "and, by the way, we can easily untie the knot. We can separate. You couldn't get a divorce, nor could I, probably, but we can separate."

"With all my heart," said Helen. "I 'm sure I never want to marry again. I 've had enough of it."

"Nor I," said he. "One woman would be enough for any man, I should say. Well, it is agreed?"

"Agreed," said Helen.

So that day Mr. Hawthorne went to his old lawyer, the one who had settled his father's estate, and been a family friend since his babyhood.

"She 's perfectly virtuous," said poor Hawthorne. "I don't doubt that; but we don't agree. All those isms, you know, and running about with Heaven knows who, to hear Heaven knows what. I'll go to a boarding-house again, and try to forget that I ever loved her, or that she ever loved me." And he gave a great gulp, and turned away.

"And you?" said the old man.

"Well, home was not happy, and I have enjoyed my evenings with a pretty woman, and spent some money on her, no worse," said Hawthorne.

"Good," said the lawyer; "I have the case. Well, my boy, I'll call for you both to-morrow, and you must go with me—no matter where. When you reach the spot, if you still agree to be separated, I will give you the deeds to sign."

"Can't it be done at home," said Hawthorne, "to avoid publicity?"

"No," said the lawyer, "not *at home;* but there shall be no publicity whatever. Be ready at three o'clock, and I will call for you."

Hawthorne did not go to see Laura that evening, nor did his wife write essays or go to a lecture. They sat apart communing with memory.

"If she had but been what I thought her!" said Hawthorne to himself.

"Ah! how I loved him once!" said Helen.

But they spoke no word to each other; and when the old lawyer called next day, he found them sitting at opposite sides of the room, looking at the floor. He shook hands with both.

"I have a carriage waiting," said he. "Will you come?"

He offered his arm to Helen; her husband followed. They stepped into the coach. It drove away. The old gentleman drew the blinds down, and they had no idea of the direction in which they were going. The drive lasted for three hours. At last the coach stopped; the driver alighted and opened the door.

The good old lawyer descended and handed out the lady. The unhappy husband also stepped out. The coach drove away.

They stood in a graveyard. Weeping willows were all about them. The grass was green, and white tombs arose on every hand; and at their feet lay a little grave, and on the white slab was written:

"OUR WILLIE, aged One Year."

"Yes," said the old man, "I have brought you to your child's grave, Helen and Harry Hawthorne; and if here you ask me to put asunder those whom God hath joined, I needs must do it."

He paused. The man turned away his head. The woman burst into tears, and sunk down beside the grave.

"Oh, Willie, that it should come to this with your father!" she said.

Then her husband drew nearer to her

"Helen," he said; and he could say no more.

She looked up.

"But you said you liked her better than you did me," she sobbed. "I couldn't bear that."

"Then you love me a little still, Helen?"

He knelt down beside her. She turned, and flung herself into his arms.

"I'll be good, Harry," she said as a child might, and not thinking of her words. "Let us go home."

And then the lawyer beckoned back the coachman, and they drove back together and put the deeds of separation on the kitchen fire, where they burnt to ashes. And if ever lawyer had reason to be proud of his pleading, that lawyer had. He had plead the cause of wedded love and its holiness, and won his case. And often afterward, more gentle with each other—he more considerate of her wishes, she more yielding to his will—those two, once so nearly separated, blessed him together.

### A Child's Reasoning.

A little six-year-old was on a visit to her grandfather, who was a New England divine celebrated for his logical powers. "Only think, grandpa, what Uncle Robert says!" "What does he say, my dear?" "Why, he says the moon is made of green cheese. It isn't at all, is it?" "Well, child, suppose you find out for yourself?" "How can I, grandpa?" "Get your Bible, and see what it says." "Where shall I begin?" "Begin at the beginning." The child sat down to read the Bible. Before she got more than half through the second chapter of Genesis, and had read about the creation of the stars and the animals, she came back to her grandfather, her eyes all bright with excitement of discovery: "I've found it, grandpa! It isn't true; for God made the moon before he made any cows!"

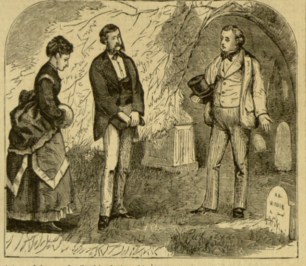
### "BROTHER JONATHAN."

How many of our readers know whence originated the generic term of "Brother Jonathan" as humorously applied to the United States? To those in the dark on that subject, let me explain:

When General Washington, after having been appointed to the command of the army of the Colonies during the Revolution, came to Massachusetts to make preparations for the active work at hand, he encountered great difficulty in obtaining the munitions of war necessary to his undertaking. The British were in full force in Boston, and should they attack with resolution while the Colonists were thus crippled for means the result must be calamitous. In this emergency a consultation of the friends of the Patriot cause was held. Jonathan Trumbull, the elder, was at that time Governor of Connecticut, and not only was his patriotism tried and true, but his judgment and forethought were eminently reliable. Washington knew him intimately and well, and resolved to call him to the council.

"We must consult Brother Jonathan on the subject," said Washington, applying the fraternal prefix in the spirit of old and tested friendship.

Jonathan Trumbull was consulted, and through his means many of the wants of the army were supplied. "I told you Brother Jonathan would do it," said Washington, in the course of subsequent conversation with his officers. Afterward, when our army had been spread over the country, and when difficulties arose, the saying had passed into a by-word with both officers and men—"*We must consult Brother Jonathan.*" And thus, in time, the term attached to the government. The term *Yankee* properly belongs to New Englanders, but BROTHER JONATHAN comprehends the whole country. C.



### SCIENCE.

Each of the more prominent museums of natural history in Germany is devoted to some specialty, in which the managers strive to obtain perfection. Thus the Frankfort museum is largely devoted to the zoology of North-eastern Africa; in the Vienna museum the main objects of attention are the fresh-water fishes of Europe; at Bremen is to be found a remarkably fine collection of African birds; and the Stuttgart and Darmstadt museums contain the most complete and valuable cabinets of South German fossils. Except at great continental centres of learning, the advantage which natural history museums could acquire by the pursuit of specialties, and particularly of such as are connected with the regions round about them, is manifest.

The President of the Geological Society, in presenting the Wollaston Gold Medal for transmission to Prof. Dana, the distinguished American geologist, spoke of him as "an able naturalist and skilful mineralogist who has studied our science with advantages of which few of us can boast;" and added, "In conveying this testimonial of the high estimation in which we hold his researches to Prof. Dana, may I beg also that it may be accompanied by an expression of how strongly we feel that the bonds of friendship and brotherhood are connected among all civilized nations of the world by the one common, the one universal and the one kindred pursuit of truth in the various branches of science."

The latest intelligence from Capt. Hall's Arctic expedition appears in a letter to Dr. Petermann recently published in the well-known German journal conducted by that eminent geographer, and called the *Geographische Mittheilungen*. Morton, the companion of Kane who saw the open Polar Sea, is with Capt. Hall, and had just met an old Esquimaux associate named Hans Heindrick, who, however, utterly failed to recognize him, saying, in response to the enthusiastic greeting of his former comrade, "I not know you." This stolid and probably mendacious gentleman was taken on board the *Polaris*, and will accompany the party.

Evidence of the gradual rise of the coast of Sweden is found on the shore near Morup, where there is a large stone which served as a beacon in the eleventh century. In 1816 this stone was ascertained by measurement to be four feet above high-water mark, and inscribed to that effect. Last summer it was one hundred and twenty feet from the sea. The fact that the old records all represent the stone not as being actually in the water, but close to it, indicates that the present upheaval of the seaboard began at about the beginning of this century.

The newest explosive is called Lithofracteur—literally, stone-breaker. It seems to be an improved sort of nitro-glycerine, with all the desirable qualities of that article and none of its dangers. Neither a violent shock nor actual contact with fire will explode it, and a specimen has been heated up to 370 degrees Fahrenheit without burning. Ignition by means of a percussion-capped fuse is the sole method by which an explosion can be effected. When so fired, its force is fully equal to that of ordinary nitro-glycerine.

Physicians cannot exert too much care in assuring themselves of the purity of the bromide of potassium which they find it necessary to administer in their practice. This salt, now so extensively used for medicinal purposes, is rarely free from impurity. According to the *Pharmaceutical Journal*, an analysis of ten samples manufactured in France showed an amount of impurity varying from ten to thirty-five per cent. Thirty per cent. of chloride of potassium was found in one specimen.

The atmosphere in the polishing shop of the United States Armory at Springfield is largely charged with minute particles of iron dust, which must be highly injurious to the workmen employed there. Mr. Charles Stodder of Boston suggests the attachment of electro-magnets to the grindstones and wheels in the room, in order that their attractive power may withdraw the dust from the air. So we learn from the *Journal of Applied Chemistry*.

The attempt to introduce cinchona trees into India has proved perfectly successful, the plantations having expanded to forest-like dimensions. An effort has also been made to cultivate the ipecacuanha plant, but it is now said that there are many native plants which possess the same medicinal properties, and can be raised without difficulty.

Colonel Grant of the British army, who was the companion of Captain Speke on his famous journey to the Albert Nyanza source of the Nile, is now engaged on a magnificent work on the botany of the regions of Africa which he has visited, to be richly illustrated, and published by the Linnean Society.

Among the contributions to the Livingstone Relief Fund we notice five hundred dollars from Chicago.

### NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NENA says: "Being a constant reader of your valuable paper, and observing the good advice given through its columns, I thought I would apply for the same. A young gentleman nineteen years of age has been waiting upon me for about a year; and although he has never told me he cared for me, yet I think he does. He is away from home now, at college, and writes two letters to me every week; and I think if he didn't care for me, he wouldn't write so often. He has a cousin, and she is my best friend; and the other day she said she knew he cared nothing for me, and advised me not to write to him any more; but I can't tell him that I do not wish to write to him, for I haven't any reason. And once when I came to him with something I had heard he said, he told me he had never said anything against me, and wished I would learn to trust him. Now what shall I do? Would you believe him before all others and continue writing to him, or stop? As this is the first time I have troubled you, I shall be very grateful for your advice. I hope you'll excuse this long letter, and not think me foolish for asking these questions. I forgot to say that he is very bashful, and this girl that seems to be such a firm friend, some say is no friend at all to me. Please tell me what to do." To be able to do this, we should know this bashful correspondent, and the friendly cousin. Have you had the approval of parents or guardians of this correspondence? They will probably be the best guides. You are entitled to ask your friend's authority for her statement; and the fact that nothing has been said in the way of love, and that a suspicion is raised, ought at least to render you prudent and cautious.

A READER, with many apologies for the same, puts the following questions: "I have for a long time been much interested in your most excellent paper, the *Ledger*, particularly in the Notices to Correspondents, and have at last concluded to trouble you with a few questions myself, hoping you may see fit to answer them. At a wedding dinner, when only the clergyman and half a dozen friends are present, after the master and mistress of the house have their seats at the head and foot of the table, where should the bride and bridegroom and clergyman be seated? During the marriage ceremony is it preferable for the bride and bridegroom to wear gloves? Lastly, please tell something near what you think would make a good plain and substantial wedding dinner, and a list of what dishes would be necessary?" The bride and bridegroom usually get the seat of honor—on the right hand of the lady of the house. The clergyman should probably get the right hand of the gentleman. Gloves are quite proper during the ceremony, one having to come off where a ring is used. The dinner will be determined by local usage, and a confectioner will be a safe guide. Raw oysters, soup, fish, meats, with appropriate vegetables, game, terrapin, ice-cream and coffee, would be "a good and substantial dinner" for any occasion; and two or three of the less familiar dishes might be omitted with much benefit to the health of the party.

MARY K. (New York city) says: "Will you please advise me what to do? I am a young lady of twenty, and in much trouble. My father drinks, and at times he gets very angry at me and tells me to leave. He says he has to keep me. I work at home, and I consider I pay for all I get. I have a lover, and am to be married in two years, but I don't think I can stand to be a burden to my father two years longer, as he thinks I am. I have never told my lover anything about my trouble, but have often told him that I was going out to work for a living. He can't understand why I want to work out, when father is so able to keep me. He says I shall not work out; that he will take me before I shall do that. Now what I want to know is, whether I shall tell him my troubles, or go out and work against his will. He is a devoted lover. Please excuse me for writing so much, but I have not told you half. You will oblige a reader of the *Ledger* by answering in your next paper." Persons who have so dreadful trials as you have should give them as little publicity as possible. But if matters become so bad as to compel you to leave, you had better frankly tell your friend the state of the case. If he is worthy of your love he will sympathize with you; and he must know the sad facts sooner or later. You should put confidence in any one whom you are willing to marry.

E. P. G. (New York) says: "I received a letter from a friend to-day, worded as follows: '*My Dear Sir:* Inclosed please find my check for two thousand dollars, in full for your bill of 3d instant. Trusting the same will reach you safely, I remain, yours truly, G. WASHINGTON VREELAND.' Now I contend that the phrase 'Trusting the same,' etc., although used constantly, is incorrect; for if intended to be of any effect, why should it not be sent in a separate letter? Am I right, or does usage sanction the practice so common? An answer through the columns of the *Ledger* will oblige." There is nothing "incorrect" in the phrase so employed. A hyper-critical man might indeed characterize it as useless, for if any one stole the check he would hardly forward the amiable wish—nor would it be of any use if he did. But we all use pleasant phrases in this way; and in our opinion, where bills are paid promptly and "in full," the letters of advice should not be sharply criticised. That is the rule of the *Ledger* office.

GRACE WILDWOOD (Lime Kiln) says: "I hope I will not be trespassing on your time by asking your advice on the following: A gentleman with whom I have long been acquainted and consider a most valuable friend, who is much older than I, lately has paid me attentions which I could not but perceive were more than friendly. I do not love him yet. I do not wish to lose his friendship. I love another, but yet do not know whether my feelings are reciprocated. As I am an orphan, depending on my friends for support, this old gentleman, being very wealthy, would give me a very comfortable home. Now what would you do? Marry him, loving another as I do, or remain single? A speedy answer will confer a great favor." To marry one man and love another would be a graceless deed; no good could come of it. Wait. "Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox," etc.

MISS EYE WINKLE (Little Falls) says: "As this is the first time I have troubled you, I hope you will favor me with an answer in your next issue. A year ago I attended boarding-school, and was convinced by my superiors that there would be no sound if we were deprived of the sense of hearing. For instance, the firing of a cannon or the explosion of a volcano would produce no effect upon the atmosphere, if the air could not strike the drum of the ear. A friend and I had an argument on the subject yesterday, and we wish your decision. Now, Mr. Editor, please answer my question, and oblige." It is gratifying to see to what good account you turned your boarding-school life. We quite agree with you. If the air can be absolutely kept from the drum of your ear, *you* will not hear sound. Other persons with drums exposed will hear it, however.

STUDENT (Independence, Mo.) says: "A controversy has arisen between several theological students in regard to who Cain married. We have submitted the matter to several ministers here, each giving a different version of the matter. Please give us your views of the matter in your answers to correspondents, and much oblige." There seems no room for difference of opinion among those who believe in one common origin to the race. That marriage of a sister which would be quite wrong when there are many other women, would not be so when, by the will of the Creator, there were only brothers and sisters on the earth. If it be objected that we have no account of the daughters of Adam, the reply is, that the record of Genesis does not contain all the children of the patriarchs, but only aims at giving lines of genealogy for the purposes of Revelation.

PERSEVERANCE (Providence) writes: "Will you be kind enough, through your answers to correspondents, to advise me as to what studies I should pursue to gain general information, preparatory to the study of the legal profession? I am a young man of eighteen. I have what they call a fair education. Ever since I was twelve years old, I have had a desire to become a lawyer, and that desire has constantly increased; but being thrown upon my own resources at quite an early age, I shall be obliged to work my way to the position to which I aspire." Study history, mathematics, Latin and the biographies of great lawyers and statesmen. On Sundays commit to memory portions of the Scriptures, in which you will find the foundation doctrines of law. Study all that you can, *every* day. That is the great point, never to be neglected.

J. J. J. (Nashua, N. H.) writes: "A dispute has arisen in regard to how long President Taylor lived after his inauguration. One says, one year, four months and five days. Another says, four months and five days. Which is right?" The first is right. Gen. Taylor laid the corner-stone of the Washington monument, on the fourth of July, one year and four months after his inauguration. It was a very hot day, and he was urged to keep his hat on, but he insisted in keeping his bald head uncovered. To this imprudence he added another—that of eating cherries and milk. He was taken with colic, and, after a brief illness of great agony, he died. He had been worn down very much previously by the incessant persecutions of office-seekers.

W. R——Y (Laconia, Ind.) says: "A controversy has arisen as to whether the verb in the following sentence, 'Our national resources *are developed* by the energy of the citizens,' is transitive or intransitive. If transitive, what is its object? My idea of a transitive verb is, that it must take an object after it. Unless it does govern an object the verb is not transitive. If you will set us right in regard to the above through the columns of your valuable paper devoted to that purpose, you will greatly oblige." Your friends overlook the passive form of the verb. Develop is transitive or intransitive according to its use, but "are developed" having no object after it, is not to be described as transitive or intransitive, but passive.

B. W. (Chester, Vt.) says: "Oblige me by answering the following question through your paper. How do you analyze and parse, How do you do? If you will answer this you will confer a very great favor on me, as there is some dispute here in regard to the disposition of it." If you had indicated the particular difficulty, it would have been easier to answer your question. We have an adverb asking a question; an auxiliary verb; a personal pronoun; and the same verb, not now auxiliary, but intransitive, and with its attached nominative in "you." There is no difficulty surely in construing "how do you feel?"

MATHEMATICS says: "Will you please inform me through the correspondents' column if there is any rule for obtaining the circumference of an oval, knowing both the diameters? For instance, a cistern was dug in the form of an oval, and the diameter one way six feet, and the other way five feet, what would the circumference of said cistern be?" You have to find the mean diameter, and multiply it by 3.14159. If the diameter had been one foot, the circumference would be 3.14159. Five and a half times that will be accurate enough for all your purposes.

YOUNG CHICAGO (Chicago) says: "Having read your valuable paper for the last three years, and having never before taxed your attention, I hope that you will excuse me, and answer the following: namely, If a lady meets a gentleman on the street, who is to bow first, the lady or gentleman?" The lady always. She has the right to recognize or not, as she pleases.

JESSAMINE (Savannah) says: "I am particularly struck with the invariable correctness and sound sense of answers to queries, and beg leave to propound one, a satisfactory answer to which I could never yet otherwise obtain. I am an ardent lover of nature, of the sublime and beautiful. Mountain, glen, river and lake is what my heart yearns for. I deem it a mistake to have settled in a place where anything that tends to make the beautiful landscape is never to be seen, if I could live equally well somewhere else with the landscape thrown in. Now my question is this: What spot in this country most eminently combines the elements specified, namely, fertility of soil, salubrity of climate, blueness of sky, grandeur and romance of scenery, and commercial advantages. Your kind consideration upon this subject will save me from the great outlay of time and money which roaming over this immeasurable land to find out for myself would necessarily incur, and be gratefully remembered by me." We cannot speak absolutely, but we think the city of New York combines in a greater degree the advantages desired than any other place on this continent. The *Toledo Blade* would probably say Toledo, or *The Occident* San Francisco, or the *Montana Herald* Helena. That is their opinion. We give ours. The Creator has, however, wisely ordered it so that blessings are distributed, and their value is enhanced thereby. The beauty, etc., of the Yosemite Valley would be modified by its becoming as busy a mart as New York; and it is hard work—and honest—in cities, that renders such regions so attractive to men when they can escape to them.

TRIBULATER (New York) says: "I feel obliged to solicit a little information from you, on a matter which, owing to my inexperience, I am rather ignorant. Being requested to assume the role of groom's-man to a friend of mine, I would ask what are my principal duties, and how should I conduct myself before, during and after the rites, which will take place in the parlor only. Also, what would be an appropriate remark to make to the bride and groom, at the consummation of the deed? As I deem my rhetoric imperfect on such an occasion, I fear to blunder, and in the presence of thirty couples, I will probably feel as bad as the groom. Hoping I am allowed this limited trespass, you will oblige with an early reply." Your duties are mainly to keep cool; make yourself agreeable; attend to everything that is not in the hands of the clergyman, ushers, or the servants; look easy, dignified, and handsome; and see that the clergyman gets an adequate fee given him in a graceful manner. Do not, for instance, thrust it into his hand, in bills, immediately on his saying "Amen." You can say to the groom as follows: "I congratulate you, my dear fellow, heartily, and wish you and your bride all possible happiness." If you add, in an undertone, "You have done splendidly," it will probably re-assure him. You will then bring up every lady that has no gentleman to wait on her, to make such nice speech to bride and groom as her heart may prompt; and take care of the unprotected females generally.

GEO. R. H. (Burlington, Iowa) writes: "Some two years ago I had a severe attack of the erysipelas, and I have had it three times the past winter, on each occasion in the head. I have sought the aid of several physicians, but am not satisfied with their treatment, as I think they are too trifling, and only wish to obtain a person's money. If you can let me know what will cure it and drive it out of my system completely, you will greatly oblige me, as I am tired of receiving prescriptions from quacks." Your physicians have probably done little for you simply because they know that the less they do the better for you. This shows that they are not quacks. Quacks would have done more, and might have dosed you to death. You should be regular in your habits. Let your food be simple and nutricious. Keep much in the open air. Avoid close rooms and feather-beds. When a person is predisposed to erysipelas, its development can almost always be made sure by going to bed in an unventilated room, immediately after a hearty meal—especially after eating pork—and sleeping on a feather-bed. We have sometimes seen a person's head swelled up as big as a water-pail with erysipelas. Frequent bathing—daily, as soon as you are accustomed to it—is another very essential precaution against this disease.

A LADY (Baltimore) writes: "I was very much gratified to call my husband's attention to your information inserted in the last week's *Ledger* concerning horse clipping. I want my husband to have his horses clipped. He is somewhat opposed to it, on the ground that they might be more liable to take cold, notwithstanding he has heard from two or three horse doctors that their practice has become much diminished, since it has become so prevalent to clip horses. I think they look so much finer when the hair is cut, especially if they are not as fortunate as *Dexter* to have fine short hair. Now, Mr. Editor, your word will have great weight on this subject, and if it would not take up too much room in your very valuable paper to insert a few words on this subject, it would be considered a great compliment to one who has been a subscriber for the *Ledger* for over eight years." Of course a horse that is clipped requires more care to prevent his taking cold than one that is not. That is to say, he must be carefully covered when not in motion. If a horse has a very long, heavy coat, we think it better to clip him, and then practice the increased precautions necessary to guard against his taking cold. Otherwise not.

M. H. feels hurt. He wrote some lines and gave them to a young lady, and she showed them to a young man, and he laughed at them. M. H. does not think the lines were anything to brag of, but at the same time, he thinks it was unkind in the young man to laugh at them. The following is the verse which aroused the ungenerous critic's risibles:

> "The moonbeams rode on the wings of light,
> The world smiled at each gentle ray,
> While zephyr sighed gently to unite
> And waft us on love's wings away."

As the moonbeams *are* light, it would seem they rode on themselves. It was kind in the world to smile, although it was cruel in the young man to laugh. The important question is, whether the young lady in the case was as considerate as the zephyr, and whether she also "sighed gently to unite."

M. (Grenada, Miss.) writes: "I have been corresponding for five years with a young lady with whom I was raised, and she lives in Arkansas. Some time since, I wrote a letter to her, and acknowledged my love for her. She answered my letter, and assured me she did not love me more than a very dear friend, and asked me to keep up our correspondence. Would it be improper if I were to continue writing to her, under the circumstances?" Certainly there would be nothing improper in it, as the lady desires you to do so; and in the end, she is very likely to conclude that she loves you something better than "as a very dear friend." Your case is pretty safe.

DAISY (Philadelphia) writes: "Two years ago, while on a visit to a western city, I got acquainted with a young gentleman, whom I honor very highly. Since my visit we have corresponded regularly, until about three months ago, when he was on a visit to this city, and made me a few calls; and on returning home he wrote a letter, and I answered it, since which time I have not heard from him. Would you think it proper for me to write again, or let the matter drop?" It would be proper to write and inquire whether he received your last letter. If he did, and has not answered it for so long a time, you had better drop the correspondence.

L. (Boston) writes: "I saw a paragraph in the *Ledger* of April 6th, of a lady dying of hydrophobia. What I should like to ask is this: About four years ago, I was bitten by one of the canine tribe. I don't think he was, but he may have been, mad at the time. Now do you think there is any danger in my case, it being so long ago?" It is not likely that the dog which bit you was mad; and even if he was, you have no cause to apprehend any effect from it at this remote period. We do not recollect any instance in which the effects of the virus were manifested after a lapse of four years.

S. L. M. has been attending a church where there is a good deal of change of posture, standing, sitting and kneeling, without any apparent directions to the uninitiated as to how to proceed. The best you can do is to imitate the course of the rest of the worshippers, until you learn their ways, if you are to remain with them; only taking care, however, to distinguish between the general worshippers and special officers. To rise up and take round a collection plate because your neighbor did so, might be awkward.

CHARLESTON asks: "Is giving my daughters a good education, to fit them for what is termed 'polite society,' which is most desirable, a knowledge of German or French?" Both; and if they cannot acquire a knowledge of both, let them learn either, whichever is most convenient. On no account should you neglect to have them taught how to make bread. French and German are both excellent in their way, but they will not do so much to sweeten a husband's temper as light, wholesome bread.

LINNIE (Denver) puts the two following questions: "Should a lady when walking with a gentleman take the inside of the sidewalk? A gentleman called the other day, and sent up his card with the right-hand corner turned down. Will you please tell me the meaning of that, and oblige a constant reader of the *Ledger?*" 1. Yes, he should give it to her. 2. The corner turned down means that he left the card in person instead of sending it by a servant, and in his case it was probably without any meaning.

MOSINNEE asks: "What will dye gray hair to its own color?" She says her hair is a dark brown. Sage tea, with rusty nails boiled in it; but the restored natural color will not be very permanent. There are many hair dyes in the market; but we believe they all contain sugar of lead, and cannot be used without danger of serious injury to the health. Gray hair looks well enough, any way. It is a mark of wisdom, and when the hair becomes gray, why, that then *is* the "natural" color.

CLIFTON says: "Last summer I became acquainted with a young lady, with whom I have fallen in love. She is now away at school. Would it be prudent for me to write to her and ask her to enter into a correspondence with me? I have not seen her since last fall, and I do not know whether she is engaged to another." You had better wait until her return from school, and then ask for her parents' consent to visit her at her home.

JAMES H. S. (Troy, N. Y.) says: "Please inform me, through the columns of your valuable paper, what date, year, etc., Nicholas I., Emperor of Russia, died, and how long he reigned. By so doing, you will settle a dispute, which we have agreed to leave to the *Ledger* for decision." Nicholas I. became Emperor of Russia in December, 1825, and died March 2, 1855. His reign was therefore a little less than thirty years in duration.

ASHLAND says: "I am engaged to a young lady. She was taken sick a week or so ago, and was not expected to live, but is getting better. Was it my place to visit her while she was sick, unless she sent for me? If so, when should I have gone to see her?" You should have called frequently to inquire how she was, and her parents or family would have informed you whether you could see her.

⁂ *Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*